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$5.00 A YEAR.
10 CTS. A NUMBER.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANO FORTES

are now acknowledged the best Instruments in America as well as in Europe, having taken Thirty-five first premiums, Gold and Silver Medals, at the principal fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and in addition thereto they were awarded a First Prize Medal at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1862, for

Powerful, Clear, Brilliant, and Sympathetic Tone,

with excellence of workmanship, as shown in grand and square PIANOS.

There were 209 Pianos, from all parts of the world, entered for competition, and the special correspondent of *The Times* says:

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"This greatest triumph of American Pianofortes in England has caused a sensation in musical circles throughout the continent, and as a result, the Messrs. STEINWAY are in constant receipt of orders from Europe, thus inaugurating a new phase in the history of American Pianofortes, by creating in them an article of export."

Every Steinway Pianoforte is Warranted for Five Years.

Among the many and most valuable improvements introduced by Messrs. Steinway & Sons in their Pianofortes,

THE SPECIAL ATTENTION OF PURCHASERS

is directed to their

PATENT AGRAFFE ARRANGEMENT.

(For which letters patent were granted to them Nov. 29, 1859.)

The value and importance of this invention having been practically tested, since that time by Steinway & Sons, in all their Grand- and highest priced Square Pianofortes, and admitted to be the greatest improvement of modern times, they now announce that hereafter their "Patent Agraffe Arrangement" will be introduced in *every* Pianoforte manufactured by them, without increase of cost to the purchaser, in order that all their patrons may reap the full advantage of this great improvement.

Testimonial of the most distinguished Artists to STEINWAY & SONS:

The Pianofortes, Grand, Square, and Upright, manufactured by Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS, have established for themselves so world-wide a reputation that it is hardly possible for us to add anything to their just fame.

Having [illegible] for years, both in public and private, it becomes our pleasant duty to express our candid opinion regarding their unquestioned superiority over any other Piano known to us.

Among the chief points of the uniform excellence of the STEINWAY Pianos are:

Greatest possible depth, richness, and volume of tone, combined with a rare brilliancy, clearness, and perfect evenness throughout the entire scale, and, above all, a surprising duration of sound, the pure and sympathetic quality of which never changes under the most delicate or powerful touch.

This peculiarity is found exclusively in the STEINWAY Piano, and together with the matchless precision, elasticity, and promptness of action always characterizing these instruments, as well as their unequaled durability under the severest trials, is truly surprising, and claims at once the admiration of every artist. We therefore consider the STEINWAY Pianos in all respects *the best Instruments made in this country or in Europe, we them solely and exclusively ourselves in public or private, and recommend them invariably to our friends and the Public.*

We have at different times expressed our opinion regarding the the Pianos of various makers, but *freely and unhesitatingly pronounce Messrs. STEINWAY & SONS' Pianos superior to them all.*

S. B. MILLS,	WM. MASON,	A. H. PEASE,
ROBERT GOLDBECK,	ROBERT HELLER,	THEO. EISFELD,
HENRY C. TIMM,	WM. BERGE,	C. BERGMANN,
GEO. W. MORGAN,	E. MUHO,	MAX MARETZEK,
THEO. THOMAS,	CARL ANSCHUTZ	CARL WOLFSOHN,
F. L. RITTER,	F. BRANDEIS,	B. WOLLENHAUPT.
THEO. MOHLING,	CHAS. WELS,	F. VON BREUNIG.

Letter from the Artists of the Italian and German Opera, and other Celebrated Vocalists.

NEW YORK, December, 1864.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—Having used your Pianos for some time in public and in private, we desire to express our unqualified admiration in regard to their merits.

We find in them excellencies which no other Pianos known to us possess to the same perfection. They are characterised by a sonority, harmonious roundness and richness of tone, combined with an astonishing prolongation of sound, most beautifully blending with and supporting the voice, to a degree that leaves nothing to be desired. Indeed, we have never met with any instruments, not even of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe, which have given us such entire satisfaction, especially as regards their unequalled qualities for accompanying the voice, and keeping in tune so long a time, as your Pianos; and we therefore cheerfully recommend them above all others to students of Vocal music and to the public generally.

MAX MARETZEK,	CARL BERGMANN,	CARL ANSCHUTZ,
B. MASSMEHLIANI,	ELENA D'ANGRI,	KARL FORMES,
FERD. BELLINI,	PEDRO DE ABELLA,	THEO. HABELMANN,
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D. B. LORENZ,	GIUSEPPE TAMARO,	BERTHA JOHANNSEN,
CARLOTTA C. ZUCCHI,	ISIDOR LEHMAN,	MARIE FREDERICI,
MRS. J. VAN. HANDT,	H. STEINECKE,	PAULINE CANISSA.

Letter from the Eminent Musician and Celebrated Composer of "When the Swallows Homeward Fly," FRANZ ABT.

BRUNSWICK (Germany) September 10, 1860.

MESSRS. STEINWAY & SONS—Gentlemen:—A short time ago I had occasion of meeting with, and trying one of your Patent Overstrung Grand Concert Pianos, which had been brought here by Mr. Hohnstock, of Philadelphia, and I cannot refrain from expressing to you my undisguised admiration. There are no other instruments known to me which could excel yours; with respect to fullness of tone, I have never met with their equal. Such power of the bass, and roundness of the middle tones, such softness and clearness of the upper notes, and withal such complete uniformity of the various octaves, I have, so far, never met in any instrument, not even in any of the most celebrated manufactories of Europe. The elasticity of touch is most surprising, and it may be taken as a sure evidence of the retentiveness of tune, that in spite of the distant transportation from Philadelphia to this place, there was not one string out of tune. I am satisfied that these instruments will soon take the lead of all other makes, and I wish from my heart that you may continue to labor for the benefit of Art, for many years.

Very respectfully yours,
FRANZ ABT.

BROOKLYN, JANUARY, 26, 1861.

MESSRS. STEINWAY—I regard him as a benefactor who builds a good Piano, and I am your beneficiary on that account. Having had one of your instruments for several years, I can bear witness to its admirable qualities in every respect. I am more than satisfied, and if I had to buy another, I should certainly go to your rooms again. It is a pleasure to praise your work.

HENRY WARD BEECHER

From "A Discourse on Pianos," by Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. N. Y. INDEPENDENT, Dec. 7, 1865.

Upon a lucky day, a Steinway Piano stood in our parlor. For power, fulness, richness, and evenness of tone, it was admirable; nor do we believe we could better in our choice. In our summer home it stands yet, a musical angel; and our wish is that the day may come when every working man in America may have a good STEINWAY PIANO."

WAREROOMS, No. 71 and 73 EAST FOURTEENTH Street between Union Square and Irving Place, New York.

THE FLANEUR.

PT.

"Ehru! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur Anni."

I have lately been struck, more forcibly than usual, with the fact that time is constantly passing.

Though perhaps there appears nothing very new in the thought, yet it is one that very few people are aware of; sometimes it comes upon one as a discovery.

The constant recurrence of day to day comes at some period of our lives to assume the importance of a new creation.

I remember how new the Bible seemed to me when I first read it in Tyndall's translation. There was a novelty and savor in the charming old English that made the book read like one I had never before seen.

It is so with all the daily details of life. At times they come to assume a new aspect and importance in our eyes. It depends upon a certain condition of mind. It is the convalescent's eager interest in the time when he can have some more thin water gruel, in which he takes a delight that the sated epicure can never feel in a "stalled ox."

The great object of life is to keep our minds in this condition. There are plenty of small concerns to occupy us, if we will only give our attention to them.

Once in my wanderings I went to the Mammoth Cave. Before starting from Louisville, I was foolish enough, as most tourists, to buy "a Guide." In it there were most grandiloquent descriptions of the wonders of the cave, of its vastness, and how no one of any feeling could contemplate them without reverencing the Omnipotence which had created them.

Perhaps I had no feeling, but the cave impressed me only as the biggest hole I had ever seen, like a species of conglomeration of all the railroad tunnels I had ever ridden through. The simplest insect or flower, even that curious combination of tissues which I carry always about with me, and call myself, impresses me with greater admiration and wonder of the wisdom that created all things, than a thousand caves could.

The grandest chamber is one they call the "star-chamber," because the crystals on the ceiling may when reflecting the light of the lanterns you carry with you, be made to look like the stars on a very dark night. But to my thinking the effect was only a poor imitation of the original. The stars themselves are infinitely finer, but then they can be seen the whole year round, and such persons as the author of the "Guide" could not think of being struck with admiration at anything to be seen so easily and frequently.

There was once a sagacious and cautious Frenchman, of an investigating and philosophic turn of mind, which led him to wander all round this little globe, in order to gather the wisdom and the experience which an extended course of traveling is supposed to give. On his return to his native village, he was asked what he had found, and replied, that he had discovered the world was, as a general thing, peopled with men and women.

Nor were his years of travel thrown away if this was the only conclusion he had brought home with him. It is worth going round this world to find this out. Many persons return from extended wanderings without having discovered so much.

Emerson says truly that the only advantage of a collegiate education is that it makes a man never regret that he has not enjoyed it.

So to live is the gain of living:

"Lætus in præsens animus, quod ultra est
Oderit curare—"

After Beranger, the greatest teacher of this science of life, whom the present century has seen, was Walter Savage Landor. The evidence of itlies all through his works, and makes him the English author of the nineteenth century, whose reputation will but grow greater by the lapse of time.

They have the sap of life running through them which will make them always of the present. The comprehensive wisdom that could grasp results, allied with an imagination that could create as accurately as scientific knowledge constructs lost species from the few fragments that time has left to us.

The notice of him in the ATLANTIC for April, though amusingly *Boston* in its cool assumption that America received its knowledge of Landor from Mr. Geo. S. Hillard's publication of Extracts from from his works, is excellent in the whole, but fails, signally, in this, that the writer considers Landor to have used his imaginary characters as pegs upon which to hang his own opinions. I can wish the author of that article no better wish than to become aware, through time and larger knowledge, of the wonderful reality there is in Landor's characters; of the creative imagination which moulded the materials his learning had gathered, and made living creatures of them. They are master pieces, perfect in all their accessories; creations like the portraits of Raphael or Da Vinci.

This science of life carried both Landor and Beranger beyond the limit the psalmist sets to life, young and fresh to the end.

They were great Flaneurs.

The years brought for them new life, as each spring clothes with fresh foliage the oaks, under whose youthful shade children sported a thousand years ago. One of them was rich and the other was poor, and perhaps it had been better had poverty been the lot of both of them.

There is an atmosphere about hereditary wealth in England that makes its owner become more one of a class than one of mankind.

I have paradoxically maintained with Englishmen that a gentleman was possible only in a Republic. Such an assertion is not so much a paradox, as it seems at first sight; and would be found to be quite true, could we really see a perfect Republic.

To an Englishman, with whom a gentleman is one who does no ostensible work, except it may be for pleasure, who always ever pays his cab fare, and supports the established order of things, such an assertion is like being a dissenter, supporting John Bright, reading the MORNING STAR, or doing any inconceivably outrageous action, doubting the TIMES, for example.

From such a state of society it was more wonderful that Landor should have been a thorough Republican, except that as by an analogy which always holds between the moral and physical world, the richest plants grow best from the strongest muck.

It was with him, too, a purely intellectual question; he followed the instinctive deductions of his reason. It came to him as odor comes to the rose; by some hidden principle of natural selection, his nature took such food and rejected everything extraneous to it. Authority was nothing to him; life was not a medicine to be taken, however nauseous, because a doctor prescribes it, but healthy food to be eaten, because it pleased his palate, and was wholesome in his mouth.

This is the rule we should all follow. Money made it easier for him than for many, but there are thousands of interests in life, into which money considerations need never enter, and should never enter; commence with these, and soon you will find yourself in harmony with

THE FLANEUR.

(From the London Saturday Review.)

THE "TIMES" PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

The TIMES newspaper is not famous for its foreign correspondence in either hemisphere. Throughout the American war it succeeded in keeping itself misinformed on almost every topic connected either with the condition of political feeling in the North or with the state of exhaustion in the South; and its intelligence from Continental Europe seldom rises above a decent level of triviality and commonplace. But its Paris Correspondent carries tameness to a pitch that is positively sublime. Paris at the present moment is the stirring centre of all European politics. It is there, and there only, that the latest lights are to be found, whether the subject be Mexico, or Italy, or Rome, or Spain, or Turkey, or the Danubian Principalities, or Schleswig-Holstein, or, lastly, the policy and progress of the French Empire itself. Under these circumstances the Paris Correspondent maintains an attitude of unconscious philosophy that does credit to the greatness of his soul. Every few months he breaks out into enthusiasm at the publication of, let us say, the twentieth volume of the correspondence of Napoleon I., which gives him an opportunity of confuting M. Thiers, or putting the character of King Joseph in its true light; or clearing up something about Queen Hortense, or trampling on some one who has long since been dead and buried. Except under the stimulus of some such great event, his flow is equable and calm. Sometimes one is tempted to ask whether there is such a personage at all, or whether all the extracts from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and the quotations from the Bourse, are not manufactured nearer home. It seems odd that any one who lives among Parisians should be so hopelessly and indefatigably dull. During the last fortnight his equanimity, however, has been so great as to amount to a positive proof of his independent existence in the flesh. No compiler from French newspapers on this side of the Channel could have performed such exploits of impassiveness. There has been a busy Session in the French Legislature. Austria has been threatened and is threatened with war, the Danubian Principalities are in a ferment, but the TIMES' Correspondent has walked his even way through all the hubbub with such calmness that we are compelled to believe that he is a real human being, an not a myth. The history of his achievements during ten days is so remarkable as to be worth summing up for the benefit of the general public.

On Tuesday, March 6, the TIMES Correspondent led off briskly with an account of a Paris lawsuit; devoting a whole column to the subject. The rest of his letter consisted of notes upon French imports and exports, the returns from French manufacturing districts, an essay on the system of cultivating vineyards with the spade, the condition of the Paris flour market, and a brief notice of a new torpedo tried in the dockyard of Toulon. On Wednesday, March 7, we have a death and obituary. Life is short, and M. PARISIS, Bishop of Arras, is dead. The excellent Prelate was suddenly seized with a chill on entering his house, and we learn that it was with some difficulty that warmth was restored. By a singular omission, the TIMES Correspondent forgets to state whether hot blankets were used on the occasion; but the Bishop passed, at any rate, a good night, and was able to celebrate Mass in the morning, after which, at ten o'clock, he was found senseless on his sofa. Having thus worked up our sympathies with the Bishop of Arras, the funereal historian goes on to tell us who he was. Then comes an extract from the *Revue des Deux Mondes* upon Fenianism, shortly followed by an announcement of a new circular railway destined to connect the Paris lines, and by the intelligence that the Prefect of the Seine proposes to extend the Boulevard Phillippe Auguste. Next day we wake to an essay after breakfast on the Extradition Treaty and French wines. On Friday, March 9, the bill of fare is the prospects of Algeria, the character of the Arab, and what the Arab says to himself about the chances of ultimate independence. He always hopes, it seems to be able to fall back upon the desert, even if he cannot drive the French into the sea. Turning from this ethnographical sketch, with some surprise at receiving no graphic account of that conventional creature the Arab chieftain's horse, we arrive at a murderous outrage in the French Penitentiary at Riom, attended with the loss of life of two keepers "one of whom was remarkable for his humanity and his constant desire to alleviate the sufferings of the prisoners." We should like to know the name of this humane keeper, and, if a little biography of him can be produced without much trouble, we are sure it will not be time thrown away. Finally, we have the translation of a letter from a father to a son on the subject of the Conscription, taken from the *Journal de Soissons*. We learn with regret—or, if regret is the wrong thing, with pleasure, or at all events with much interest—that the "orthography" of this important document "is so bad as to make it difficult to read." If so, it is all the more credit to the gentleman who has read it, and has transmitted the valuable production at full length to us from the other side of the Channel. The week closes with a despatch devoted to the Principalities, and to what the inhabitants of the Principalities hope and think. M. Prevost Paradol meanwhile has been received at the French Academy, but M. Prevost Paradol not having the advantage of being, like the humane keeper of the Riom Penitentiary, a person of European importance, no account of his reception or of the speeches made on the occasion, can, of course, be expected.

The exciting letter with which the TIMES opens the next week is rich in agricultural statistics, and might doubtless be perused with interest and advantage by

French Protectionists, for whose edification it seems to be more especially intended. The average British reader, however, will probably regard with languid curiosity even the valuable facts and figures by which Count Kergolay, "one of the most enlightened and consistent defenders of liberal commercial policy," demonstrates a familiar thesis. Like Horace, the Times Correspondent appears to have an imaginary Sabine farm, to which he retires in spirit when he finds the press of political matters too great for him. On Tuesday he visits the Legislative Chamber. He does not do so very often, and he has been careful on this occasion not to choose the opportunity of any political discussion that could by any possibility shake his nerves or prey upon his mind. The debate in question is about the imposition of a duty on foreign grain. There is a continued increase we further remark, of cash in the Bank of France; the iron trade is improving; so is coal; and the Government has authorized the Municipal Council of Versailles to establish a horse fair twice a year, and, "Paris being near Versailles, the fair will attract a considerable number of purchasers." Lastly, we obtain the returns of recent houses built and destroyed in Paris, which are published by the Prefect of the Seine. Wednesday is devoted to the translation of an article from the *Deux Mondes*, as "it may not be uninteresting to know what the opinion of an intelligent Frenchman is on the Reform movement." It is always interesting to read what M. Xavier Raymond has to say, but, as the *Deux Mondes* arrives with undiminished regularity in this country, it is hardly worth while keeping a gentleman in Paris expressly to make extracts from it. Thursday gives us a little essay on the diplomatic history of the Danubian question since 1855, which stops short the very moment it has told us all we knew already, and carefully abstains from uttering a word that may burden us with new information. After so much politics it is but natural that the Correspondent should return to his Sabine farm. We are, therefore, hurried back at full speed to agriculture *à propos* of a petition addressed to the Senate by wine-growers in the South of France. Wine finishes the letter, with the exception of a small paragraph which is taken up with the new municipal tariff imposed on hackney coaches in the French capital. Friday is a day to be marked with white chalk. For a few paragraphs we mount into the elevated reign of diplomacy. The Italian Government has presented a note to the Federal Council of Switzerland, informing them of an intention to carry a railway through the St. Gothard, if the Swiss will bear a portion of the expense. Next we have an extract from the *Nord* about the rinderpest at Antwerp, and an account of an improvement in the carriages used for carting blocks of stone at Paris. In a sudden freak, the narrator proceeds to give us the latest turf arrangements, with the names of the horses that have arrived at Clairefontaine. Saturday concludes the eventful history. The Times gives us with much stateliness a compendious *résumé* of what the *Moniteur* thinks will be the programme of the Congress on the Danubian question.

Such, according to the Times, are politics at Paris. We do not find any fault with any part of its intelligence. Of course it is useful to know about French wine, and French agriculture, and Queen Hortense, and spade-ploughing, and the tariff of the Paris hackney-carriages, and the humane turnkey at Riom. But there are other subjects as useful, and an occasional glimmer of information upon them would be now and then acceptable. As it is, we are left for all news about such minor matters as European politics to the tender mercies of M. Reuter, and an occasional telegram. There was, during the autumn, an astonishing creature who spent his long vacation at German and Swiss watering-places, and chronicled his general sensations and his notes of the *table d'hote* conversations in large print in the leading journal. He must have been the Paris Correspondend on a tour. No newspaper could have the astounding luck to be connected with two human beings of such undeviating monotony, and such surprising fogy power; who are equally impervious to the bracing air of Switzerland and to the bustle of the liveliest capital in Europe.

(*From the North American Review for April.*)

CHARACTER.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Morals respects what men call goodness, that which all men agree to honor as justice, truth-speaking, good-will, and good works. Morals respects the source or motive of this action. It is the science of substances, not of shows. It is the *what*, and not the *how*. It is that which all men profess to regard, and by their real respect for which recommend themselves to each other.

There is this eternal advantage to morals, that, in the question between truth and goodness, the moral cause of the world lies behind all else in the mind. It was for good, it is to good, that all works. Surely it is not to prove or show the truth of things—that sounds a little cold and scholastic—no, it is for benefit, that all subsists. As we say in our modern politics, catching at last the language of morals, that the object of the state is the greatest good of the greatest number—so, the reason we must give for the existence of the world is, that it is for the benefit of all being.

Morals implies freedom and will. The will constitutes the man. He has his life in Nature, like a beast: but choice is born in him; here is he that chooses; here is the Declaration of Independence, the July Fourth of zoölogy and astronomy. He chooses—as the rest of the creation does not. But will, pure and impelving, is not willfulness. When a man, through stubbornness, refuses to do this or that, something absurd or whimsical, only because he will, he is weak; he blows with his lips against the tempest, he dams the incoming ocean with his cane. It were an unspeakable calamity, if any one should think he had the right to impose a private will on others. That is the part of a robber, an assassin. All violence, all that is dreary and repels, is not power, but the absence of power.

Morals is the direction of the will on universal ends. He is immoral who is acting to any private end. He is moral—we say it with Marcus Aurelius and with Kant—whose aim or motive may become a universal rule, binding on all intelligent beings; and with Vauvenargues, "the mercenary sacrifice of the public good to a private interest is the eternal stamp of vice."

All the virtues are special directions of this motive: justice is the application of this good of the whole to the affairs of each one: courage is contempt of danger in the determination to see this good of the whole enacted; love is delight in the preference of that benefit redounding to another over the securing of our own share; humility is a sentiment of our insignificance, when the benefit of the universe is considered.

If from these external statements we seek to come a little nearer to the fact, our first experiences in moral as in intellectual nature force us to discriminate a universal mind, identical in all men. Certain biases, talents, executive skills, are special to each individual; but the high, contemplative, all-commanding vision, the sense of Right and Wrong, is alike in all. Its attributes are self-existence, eternity, intuition, and command. It is the mind of the mind. We belong to it, not it to us. It is in all men, and constitutes them men. In bad men it is dormant, as health is in men entranced or drunken but, however inoperative, it exists underneath whatever vices and errors. The extreme simplicity of this intuition embarrasses every attempt at analysis. We can only mark, one by one, the perfections which it combines in every act. It admits of no appeal, looks to no superior essence. It is the reason of things.

The antagonist nature is the individual, formed into a finite body of exact dimensions, with appetites which take from everybody else what they appropriate to themselves, and would enlist the entire spiritual faculty of the individual, if it were possible, in catering for them. On the perpetual conflict between the dictate of this universal mind and the wishes and interests of the individual, the moral discipline of life is built. The one craves a private benefit, which the other requires him to renounce out of respect to the absolute good. Every hour puts the individual in a position where his wishes aim at something which the sentiment of duty forbids him to seek. He that speaks the truth executes no private function of an individual will, but the world utters a sound by his lips. He who doth a just action seeth therein nothing of his own, but an inconceivable nobleness attaches to it, because it is a dictate of the general mind. We have no idea of power so simple and so entire as this. It is the basis of thought, it is the basis of being. Compare all that we call ourselves, all our private and personal venture in the world, with this deep of moral nature in which we lie, and our private good becomes an impertinence, and we take part with hasty shame against ourselves.

> "High instincts, before which our mortal nature
> Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised,—
> Which, be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
> Are yet the master-light of all our seeing,—
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the eternal silence—truths that wake
> To perish never."

The moral element invites man to great enlargements, to find his satisfaction, not in particulars or events, but in the purpose and tendency; not in bread, but in his right to his bread; not in much corn or wool, but in its communication. No one is accomplished whilst any one is incomplete. Weal does not exist for one, with the woe of any other.

Not by adding, then, does the moral sentiment help us; no, but in quite another manner. It puts us in place. It centres, it concentrates us. It puts us at the heart of Nature, where we belong, in the cabinet of science and of causes—there where all the wires terminate which hold the world in magnetic unity—and so converts us into universal beings.

This wonderful sentiment, which endears itself as it is obeyed, seems to be the fountain of intellect; for no talent gives the impression of sanity, if wanting this; nay, it absorbs everything into itself. Truth, Power, goodness, Beauty, are its varied names—faces of one substance. Before it, what are persons, prophets, or seraphim, but its passing agents, momentary rays of its light?

The moral sentiment is alone omnipotent. There is no labor or sacrifice to which it will not bring a man, and which it will not make easy. Thus, there is no man who will bargain to sell his life, say at the end of a year, for a million or ten millions of gold dollars in hand, or for any temporary pleasures, or for any rank, as of peer or prince; but many a man who does not hesitate to lay down his life for the sake of a truth, or in the cause of his country, or to save his son or his friend. And under the action of this sentiment of the right, his heart and mind expand above himself, and above nature.

> Though Love repine, and Reason chafe,
> There came a voice without reply—
> "'Tis man's perdition to be safe,
> When for the truth he ought to die."

Such is the difference of the action of the heart within and of the senses without. One is enthusiasm and the other more or less amounts of horse-power.

Devout men, in the endeavor to express their convictions, have used different images to suggest this latent force; as, the light, the seed, the Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Daemon, the still, small voice, etc.—all indicating its power and its secrecy. It refuses to appear. It is too small to be seen, too obscure to be spoken of; but such, as it is, it creates a faith which the contradiction of all mankind cannot shake, and which the consent of all mankind cannot confirm.

It is remote above all mediation. In all ages, to all men, it saith, *I am*; and he who hears it feels the impiety of wandering from this revelation to any record or to any rival. The poor Jews of the wilderness cried: "Let not the Lord speak to us; let Moses speak to us." But the simple and sincere soul makes the contrary prayer: "Let no intruder come between thee and me; deal THOU with me; let me know it is thy will, and I ask no more." The excellence of Jesus, and of every true teacher, is, that he affirms the Divinity in him and in us—not thrusts himself between it and us. It would instantly indispose us to any person claiming to speak for the author of nature, the setting forth any fact or law which we did not find in our consciousness. We should say with Heraclitus: "Come into this smoky cabin; God is here also; approve yourself to him."

We affirm that in all men is this majestic perception and command; that it is the presence of the Eternal in each perishing man; that it distances and degrades all statements of whatever saints, heroes, poets, as obscure and confused stammerings before its silent revelation. *They* report the truth. *It* is the truth. When I think of Reason, of Truth, of Virtue, I cannot conceive them as lodged in your soul and lodged in my soul, but that you and I and all souls are lodged in that; and I may easily speak of that adorable nature, there where only I behold it, in my dim experiences, in such terms as shall seem to the frivolous, who dare not fathom their consciousness, as profane. How is a man a man? How can he exist to weave relations of joy and virtue with other souls, but because he is inviolable, anchored at the centre of Truth and Being? In the ever-returning hour of reflection; he says: "I stand here glad at heart of all the sympathies I can awaken and share, clothing myself with them as with a garment of shelter and beauty, and yet knowing that it is not in the power of all who surround me to take from me the smallest thread I call mine. If all things are taken away, I have still all things in my relations to the Eternal."

We pretend not to define the way of its access to the private heart. It passes understanding. The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men. There was a time when Christianity existed in one child. But if the child had been killed by Herod, would the element have been lost? God sends his message, if not by one, then quite as well by another. When the Master of the Universe has ends to fulfil, he impresses his will on structure of minds.

The Divine Mind imparts itself to the single person: his whole duty is to this rule and teaching. The aid which others give us is like that of the mother to the child—temporary, gestative, a short period of lactation, a nurse's or a governess's care; but on his arrival at a certain maturity, it ceases, and would be hurtful and ridiculous if prolonged. Slowly the body comes to the use of its organs; slowly the soul unfolds itself in the new man. It is partial at first, and honors only some one or some few truths. In its companions it sees other truths honored, and successively finds their foundation also in itself. Then it cuts the cord, and no longer believes "because of thy saying," but because it has ecrognized them in itself.

The Divine Mind imparts itself to the single person; but it is also true that men act powerfully on us. There are men who astonish and delight, men who instruct and guide. Some men's words I remember so well that I must often use them to express my thought. Yes, because I perceive that we have heard the same truth, but they have heard it better. That is only to say, there is degree and graduation throughout Nature; and the Deity does not break his firm laws in respect to imparting truth, more than in imparting material heat and light. Men appear from time to time who receive with more purity and fulness these high communications. But it is only as fast as this hearing from another is authorized by its consent with his own, that it is pure and safe to each; and all receiving from abroad must be controlled by this immense reservation.

It happens now and then, in the ages, that a soul is born which has no weakness of self,—which offers no impediment to the Divine Spirit,—which comes down into Nature as if only for the benefit of souls, and all its thoughts are perception of things as they are, without any infirmity of earth. Such souls are as the apparition of gods among men, and simply by their presence pass judgment on them. Men are forced by their own self-respect to give them a certain attention. Evil men shrink and pay involuntary homage by hiding or apologizing for their action.

When a man is born with a profound moral sentiment, preferring truth, justice, and the serving of all men to any honors or any gain, men readily feel the superiority. They who deal with him are elevated with joy and hope; he lights up the house or the landscape in which he stands. His actions are poetic and miraculous in their eyes. In his presence, or within his influence, every one believes in the immortality of the soul. They feel that the invisible world sympathizes with him. The Arabians delight in expressing the sympathy of the unseen world with holy men.

> "When Omar prayed [illegible]
> Where [illegible]
> Abu'l [illegible]
> To the [illegible]."

A chief event of life is the day in which we have encountered a mind that startled us by its large scope. I am in the habit of thinking—not, I hope, out of a partial experience, but confirmed by what I notice in many lives—that to every studious mind Providence sends from time to time five or six or seven teachers who are of the first importance to him in the lessons they have to impart. The highest of these not so much give particular knowledge as they elevate by sentiment and by their habitual grandeur of view.

Great men serve us as insurrections do in bad governments. The world would run into endless routine, and forms incrust forms, till the life was gone. But the perpetual supply of new genius shocks us with thrills of life, and recalls us to principles. Lucifer's wager in the old drama was, "There is no steadfast man on earth." He is very rare. "A man is already of consequence in the world when it is known that we can implicitly rely on him." See how one noble person dwarfs a whole nation of underlings. This steadfastness we indicate when we praise character.

Character denotes habitual self-possession, habitual regard to interior and constitutional motives, a balance not to be overset or easily disturbed by outward events and opinion, and by implication points to the source of right motive. We sometimes employ the word to express the strong and consistent will of men of mixed motive, but, when used with emphasis, it points to what no events can change, that is, a will built on the reason of things. Such souls do not come in troops; oftenest appear solitary, like a general without his command, because those who can understand and uphold such appear rarely, not many, perhaps not one, in a generation. And the memory and tradition of such leader is preserved in some strange way by those who only half understand him, until a true disciple comes, who apprehends and interprets every word.

The sentiment never stops in pure vision, but will be enacted. It affirms not only its truth, but its supremacy. It is not only insight, as science, as fancy, as imagination is; or an entertainment, as friendship and poetry are; but it is a sovereign rule; and the acts which it suggests—as when it impels a man to go forth and impart it to other men, or sets him on some asceticism or some practice of self-examination to hold him to obedience, or some zeal to unite men to abate some nuisance, or establish some reform or charity which it commands—are the homage we render to this sentiment, as compared with the lower regard we pay to other thoughts; and the private or social practices we establish in its honor we call religion.

The sentiment, of course, is the judge and measure of every expression of it,—measures Judaism, Stoicism, Christianity, Buddhism, or whatever philanthropy, or politics, or saint, or seer pretends to speak in its name. The religions we call false were once true. They also were affirmations of the conscience correcting the evil customs of their times. The populace drag down the gods to their own level, and give them their egotism; whilst in Nature is none at all, God keeping out of sight, and known only as pure law, though resistless. Châteaubriand said, with some irreverence of phrase, If God made man in his image, man has paid him well back. "*Si Dieu a fait l'homme à son image, l'homme l'a bien rendu.*" Every nation is degraded by the goblins it worships instead of this Deity. The Dionysia and Saturnalia of Greece and Rome, the human sacrifice of the Druids, the Sraddha of Hindoos, the Purgatory, the Indulgences, and the Inquisition of Popery, the vindictive mythology of Calvinism, are examples of this perversion.

Every particular instruction is speedily embodied in a ritual, is accommodated to humble and gross minds, and corrupted. The moral sentiment is the perpetual critic on these forms, thundering its protest, sometimes in earnest and lofty rebuke; but sometimes also it is the source, in natures less pure, of sneers and flippant jokes of common people, who feel that the forms and dogmas are not true for them, though they do not see where the error lies.

The religion of one age is the literary entertainment of the next. We use in our idlest poetry and discourse the words Jove, Neptune, Mercury, as mere colors, and can hardly believe that they had to the lively Greek the anxious meaning which, in our towns, is given and received in churches, when our religious names are used; and we read with surprise the horror of Athens, when, one morning, the statues of Mercury, in the temples, were found broken, and the like consternation was in the city, as if, in Boston, all the orthodox churches should be burned in one night.

The greatest dominion will be to the deepest thought. The establishment of Christianity in the world does not rest on any miracle, but the miracle of being the broadest and most humane doctrine. Christianity was once a schism and protest against the impieties of the time, which had originally been protests against earlier impieties, but had lost their truth. Varnhagen von Ense, writing, in Prussia, in 1848, says: "The Gospels belong to the most aggressive writings. No leaf thereof could attain the liberty of being printed (in Berlin) to-day. What Mirabeaus, Rousseaus, Diderots, Fichtes, Heines, and many another heretic, one can detect therein!"

But before it was yet a national religion, it was alloyed, and, in the hands of hot Africans, of luxurious Byzantines, of fierce Gauls, its creeds were

tainted with their barbarism. In Holland, in England, in Scotland, it felt the national narrowness. How unlike our habitual turn of thought was that of the last century in this country! Our ancestors spoke continually of angels and archangels with the same good faith as they would have spoken of their own parents or their late minister. Now the words pale, are rhetoric, and all credence is gone. Our horizon is not far, say one generation, or thirty years; we all see so much. The older see two generations, or sixty years. But what has been running on through three horizons, or ninety years, looks to all the world like a law of Nature, and it is an impiety to doubt.

Thus, it is incredible to us, if we look into the religious books of our grandfathers, how they held themselves in such a pinfold. But why not? As far as they could see, through two or three horizons, nothing but ministers and ministers. Calvinism was one and the same thing in Geneva, in Scotland, in Old and New England. If there was a wedding, they had a sermon; if a funeral, then a sermon; if a war, or small-pox, or a comet, or canker-worms—or a deacon died—still a sermon! Nature was a pulpit; the church-warden or tithing-man was a petty persecutor; the presbitery, a tyrant; and in many a house, in country places, the poor children found seven sabbaths in a week. Fifty or a hundred years ago, prayers were said, morning and evening, in all families; grace was said at table; an exact observance of the Sunday was kept in the houses of laymen as of clergymen. And one sees with some pain the disuse of rites so charged with humanity and aspiration. But it by no means follows, because those officers are much disused, that the men and women are irreligious; certainly not that they have less integrity or sentiment, but only, let us hope, that they see that they can omit the form without loss of real ground; perhaps that they find some violence, some cramping of their freedom of thought in the constant recurrence of the form.

So of the changed position and manners of the clergy. They have dropped, with the sacerdotal garb and manners of the last century, many doctrines and practices once esteemed indispensable to their order. But the distinctions of the true clergyman are not less decisive. Men ask now, "Is he serious? is he a sincere man, who lives as he teaches? is he a benefactor?" So far the religion is now where it should be. Persons are discriminated as honest, as veracious, as illuminated, as helpful, as having public and universal regards, or otherwise,—are discriminated according to their aims, and not by these ritualities.

The changes are inevitable; the new age cannot see with the eyes of the last. But the change is in what is superficial; the principles are immortal, and the rally on the principle must arrive as people become intellectual. I consider theology to be the rhetoric of morals. The mind of this age has fallen away from theology to morals. I conceive it an advance. I suspect, that, when the theology was most florid and dogmatic, it was the barbarism of the people, and that, in that very time, the best men also fell away from theology, and rested in morals, I think that all the dogmas rest in morals, and that it is only a question of youth or maturity, of more or less fancy in the recipient; that the stern determination to do justly, to speak the truth, to be chaste and humble, was substantially the same, whether under a self-respect, or under a vow made on the knees at the shrine of Madonna.

When once Selden had said that the priests seemed to him to be baptizing their own fingers, the rite of baptism was getting late in the world. Or when once it is perceived that the English missionaries in India put obstacles in the way of schools, (as is alleged,)—do not wish to enlighten, but to Christianize the Hindoos,—it is seen at once how wide of Christ is English Christianity.

Mankind at large always resemble frivolous children; they are impatient of thought, and wish to be amused. Truth is too simple for us; we do not like those who unmask our illusions. Fontenelle said: "If the Deity should lay bare to the eyes of men the secret system of Nature, the causes by which all the astronomic results are effected, and they finding no magic, no mystic numbers, no fatalities, but the greatest simplicity, I am persuaded they would not be able to suppress a feeling of mortification, and would exclaim, with disappointment, 'Is that all?'" And so we paint 'over the bareness of ethics with the quaint grotesques of theology.

We boast the triumph of Christianity over Paganism, meaning the victory of the spirit over the senses; but Paganism hides itself in the uniform of the Church. Paganism has only taken the oath of allegiance, taken the cross, but is Paganism still, outvotes the true men by millions of majority, carries the bag, spends the treasure, writes the tracts, elects the minister, and persecutes the true believer.

There is a certain secular progress of opinion, which, in civil countries, reaches everybody. One service which this age has rendered is, to make the life and wisdom of every past man accessible and available to all. Socrates and Marcus Aurelius are allowed to be saints; Mahomet is no longer a scarecrow; Spinoza has come to be revered. "The time will come," says Varnhagen von Ense, "when we shall treat the jokes and sallies against the myths and church-rituals of Christianity—say the sarcasms of Voltaire, Frederic the Great, and D'Alembert—good-naturedly and without offence; since, at bottom, those men mean honestly, their polemics proceed out of a religious striving, and what Christ meant and willed is in essence more with them than with their opponents, who only wear and misrepresent the *name* of Christ.....Voltaire was an apostle of Christian ideas; only the names were hostile to him, and he never knew it otherwise. He was like the son of the vine-dresser in the Gospel, who said No, and went; the other said Yes, and went not. These men preached the true God,—Him whom men serve by justice and uprightness; but they called themselves atheists."

When the highest conceptions, the lessons of religion, are imported, the nation is not culminating, has not genius, but is servile. A true nation loves its vernacular tongue. A complete nation will not import its religion. Duty grows everywhere, like children, like grass; and we need not go to Europe or to Asia to learn it. I am not sure that the English religion is not all quoted. Even the Jeremy Taylors, Fullers, George Herberts, steeped, all of them, in the Church traditions, are only using their fine fancy to emblason their memory. 'Tis Judæa, not England, which is the ground. So with the mordant Calvinism of Scotland and America. But this quoting distances and disables them: since with every repeater something of creative force is lost, as we feel when we go back to each original moralist. Pythagoras, Socrates, the Stoics, the Hindoo, Behmen, George Fox,—these speak originally; and how many sentences and books we owe to unknown authors,—to writers who were not careful to set down name or date or titles or cities or postmarks in these illuminations!

We, in our turn, want power to drive the ponderous State. The constitution and law in America must be written on ethical principles, so that the entire power of the spiritual world can be enlisted to hold the loyalty of the citizen, and to repel every enemy as by force of Nature. The laws of old empires stoood on the religious convictions. Now that their religions are outgrown, the empires lack strength. Romanism in Europe does not represent the real opinion of enlightened men. The Lutheran Church does not represent in Germany the opinions of the universities. In England, the gentlemen, the journals, and now, at last, churchmen and bishops, have fallen away from the Anglican Church. And in America, where are no legal ties to churches, the looseness appears dangerous.

Our religion has got on as far as Unitarianism. But all the forms grow pale. The walls of the temple are wasted and thin, and, at last, only a film of whitewash, because the mind of our culture has already left our liturgies behind. "Every age," says Varnhagen, "has another sieve for the religious tradition, and will sift it out again. Something is continually lost by this treatment, which posterity cannot recover."

But it is a capital truth, that Nature, moral as well as material, is always equal to herself. Ideas always generate enthusiasm. The creed, the legend, forms of worship, swiftly decay. Morals is the incorruptible essence, very heedless in its richness of any past teacher or witness, heedless of their lives and fortunes. It does not ask whether you are wrong or wright in your anecdotes of them; but it is all in all how you stand to your own tribunal.

The lines of the religious sects are very shifting; their platforms unstable; the whole science of theology of great uncertainty, and resting very much on the opinions of who may chance to be the leading doctors of Oxford or Edinburgh, of Princeton or Cambridge, to-day. No man can tell what religious revolutions await us in the next years; and the education in the divinity colleges may well hesitate and vary. But the science of ethics has no mutation; and whoever feels any love or skill for ethical studies may safely lay out all his strength and genius in working in that mine. The pulpit may shake, but this platform will not. All the victories of religion belong to the moral sentiment. Some poor soul beheld the Law blazing through such impediments as he had, and yielded himself to humility and joy. What was gained by being told that it was justification by faith?

The Church, in its ardor for beloved persons, clings to the miraculous, in the vulgar sense, which has even an immoral tendency, as one sees in Greek, Indian, and Catholic legends, which are used to gloss every crime. The soul, penetrated with the beatitude which pours into it on all sides, asks no interpositions, no new laws,—the old are good enough for it,—finds in every cart-path of labor ways to heaven, and the humblest lot exalted. Men will learn to put back the emphasis peremptorily on pure morals, always the same, not subject to doubtful interpretation, with no sale of indulgences, no massacre of heretics, no female slaves, no disfranchisement of woman, no stigma on race; to make morals the absolute test, and so uncover and drive out the false religions. There is no vice that has not skulked behind them. It is only yesterday that our American churches, so long silent on Slavery, and notoriously hostile to the Abolitionist, wheeled into line for Emancipation.

I am far from accepting the opinion that the revelations of the moral sentiment are insufficient, as if it furnished a rule only, and not the spirit by which the rule is animated. For I include in these, of course, the history of Jesus, as well as those of every divine soul which in any place or time delivered any grand lesson to humanity; and I find in the eminent experiences in all times a substantial agreement. The sentiment itself teaches unity of source, and disowns every superiority other than of deeper truth. Jesus has immense claims on the gratitude of mankind, and knew how to guard the integrity of his brother's soul from himself also; but in his disciples admiration of him runs away with their reverence for the human soul, and they hamper us with limitations of person and text. Every exaggeration of these is a violation of the soul's right, and inclines the manly reader to lay down the New Testament, to take up the Pagan Philosophers. It is not that the Upanishads or the Maxims of Antoninus are better, but that they do not invade his freedom; because they are only suggestions, whilst the other adds the inadmissible claim of positive authority,—of an external command, where command cannot be. This is the secret of the mischievous result, that, in every period of intellectual expansion, the Church ceases to draw into its clergy those who best belong there, the largest and freest minds, and that in its most liberal forms, when such minds enter it, they are coldly received, and find themselves out of place. This charm in the Pagan moralists, of suggestion, the charm of poetry, of mere truth, (easily eliminated from their historical accidents, which nobody wishes to force on us,) the New Testament loses by its connection with a church. Mankind cannot long suffer this loss, and the office of this age is to put all these writings on the eternal footing of equality of origin in the instincts of the human mind. It is certain that each inspired master will gain instantly by the separation from the idolatry of ages.

To their great honor, the simple and free minds among our clergy have not resisted the voice of Nature and the advanced perceptions of the mind; and every church divides itself into a liberal and expectant class, on one side, and an unwilling and conservative class, on the other. As it stands with us now, a few clergymen, with a more theological cast of mind, retain the traditions, but they carry them quietly. In general discourse, they are never obtruded. If the clergyman should travel in France, in England, in Italy, he might leave them locked up in the same closet with his "occasional sermons" at home, and, if he did not return, would never think to send for them. The orthodox clergymen hold a little firmer to theirs, as Calvinism has a more tenacious vitality; but that is doomed also, and will only die last; for Calvinism rushes to be Unitarianism, as Unitarianism rushes to be pure Theism.

But the inspirations are never withdrawn. In the worst times, men of organic virtue are born,—men and women of native integrity, and indifferently in high and low conditions. There will always be a class of imaginative youths, whom poetry, whom the love of beauty, lead to the adoration of the moral sentiment, and these will provide it with new historic forms and songs. Religion is as inexpugnable as the use of lamps, or of wells, or of chimneys. We must have days and temples and teachers. The Sunday is the core of our civilization, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude and the noblest society, to whatever means and aids of spiritual refreshment. Men may well come together to kindle each other to virtuous living. Confucius said, "If in the morning I hear of the right way, and in the evening die, I can be happy."

The churches already indicate the new spirit, in adding, to the perennial office of teaching, beneficent activities,—as in creating hospitals, ragged schools, offices of employment for the poor, appointing almoners to the helpless, guardians of foundlings and orphans. The power that in other times inspired crusades, or the colonization of New England, or the modern revivals, flies to the help of the deaf-mute and the blind, to the education of the sailor and the vagabond boy, to the reform of convicts and harlots,—as the war has created the Hilton Head and Charleston missions, the Sanitary Commission, the nurses and teachers at Washington.

In the present tendency of our society, in the new importance of the individual, when thrones are crumbling, and presidents and governors are forced every moment to remember their constituencies,—when counties and towns are resisting centralization, and the individual voter his party,—society is threatened with actual granulation, religious as well as political. How many people are there in Boston? Some two hundred thousand. Well, then so many sects. Of course, each poor soul loses all his old stays; no bishop watches him; no confessor reports that he has neglected the confessional; no class-leader admonishes him of absences; no fagot, no penance, no fine, no rebuke. Is not this wrong? is not this dangerous? 'Tis not wrong, but the law of growth. It is not dangerous, any more than the mother's withdrawing her hands from the tottering babe, at his first walk across the nursery-floor: the child fears and cries, but achieves the feat, instantly tries it again, and never wishes to be assisted more. And this infant soul must learn to walk alone. At first he is forlorn, homeless; but this rude stripping him of all support drives him inward, and he finds himself unhurt; he finds himself face to face with the majestic Presence, reads the original of the Ten Commandments, the original of Gospels and Epistles; nay, his narrow chapel expands to the blue cathedral of the sky, where he

> "Looks in and sees each blissful deity,
> Where he before the thunderous throne doth lie."

To nations or to individuals the progress of opinion is not a loss of moral restraint, but simply a change from coarser to finer checks. No evil can come from reform which a deeper thought will not correct. If there is any tendency in national expansion to form character, religion will not be a loser. There is a fear that pure truth, pure morals, will not make a religion for the affections. Whenever the sublimities of character shall be incarnated in a man, we may rely that awe and love and insatiable curiosity will follow his steps. Character is the habit of action from the permanent vision of truth. It carries a superiority to all the accidents of life. It compels right relation to every other man,—domesticates itself with strangers and enemies. "But I, father," says the wise Prahlada, in the Vishnu Purana, "know neither friends nor foes, for I behold Keesava in all beings as in my own soul." It confers perpetual insight. It sees that a man's friends and his foes are of his own household, of his own person; that he himself strikes the stroke which he ingrates to fortune. Man is always throwing his praise or blame on events, and fails to see that he only is real, and the world is his mirror and echo. What would it avail me, if I could destroy my enemies? There would be as many to-morrow. That which I hate and fear is really in myself, and no knife is long enough to reach to its heart. Confucius said one day to Ke Kang: "Sir, in carrying on your government, why should you use killing at all? Let your evinced desires be for what is good, and the people will be good. The grass must bend, when the wind blows across it." Ke Kang, distressed about the number of thieves in the state, inquired of Confucius how to do away with them. Confucius said, "If you, sir, were not covetous, although you should reward them to do it, they would not steal."

Its methods are subtle, it works without means. It indulges no enmity against any, knowing, with Prahlada, that "the suppression of malignant feeling is itself a reward." The more reason, the less government. In a sensible family, nobody ever hears the words "shall" and "sha'n't;" nobody commands, and nobody obeys, but all conspire and joyfully co operate. Take off the roofs of hundreds of happy houses, and you shall see this order without ruler, and the like in every intelligent and moral society. Command is exceptional, and marks some break in the link of reason; as the electricity goes round the world without a spark or a sound, until there is a break in the wire or the water chain Sweedenborg said, that, "in the spiritual world, when one wishes to rule, or despises others, he is thrust out of doors." Goethe, in discussing the characters in "Wilhelm Meister," maintained his belief, "that pure loveliness and right good-will are the highest manly prerogatives, before which all energetic heroism, with its lustre and renown, must recede." In perfect accord with this, Henry James affirms, that "to give the feminine element in life its hard-earned but eternal supremacy over the masculine has been the secret inspiration of all past history."

There is no end to the sufficiency of character. It can afford to wait; it can do without what is called success; it cannot but succeed. To a well-principled man existence is victory. He defends himself against failure in his main design by making every inch of the road to it pleasant. There is no trifle, and no obscurity to him: he feels the immensity of the chain whose last link he holds in his hand, and is led by it. Having nothing, this spirit hath all. It asks, with Marcus Aurelius, "What matter by whom the good is done?" It extols humility,—by every self-abasement lifted higher in the scale of being. It makes no stipulations for earthly felicity,—does not ask, in the absoluteness of its trust, even for the assurance of continued life.

(From London Society.)

ART IN THE AUCTION ROOM.

PRICES.

In a previous article a promise was made to select from the margins of recent catalogues a few of the more noteworthy prices obtained in the auction room for works of art and ornament. Necessarily it must be very few—just enough to indicate the set of the tide of taste or fashion—for to treat the subject sufficiently, would require a range of examples that would need a running commentary and ample space to render them intelligible. Before citing our instances it may, however, be as well to caution the novice that prices, whether high or low, are not to be regarded as an absolute criterion of value. As the rule, it may be assumed that articles such as we are treating of, when sold publicly in the principal art auction rooms of the metropolis, and in presence of the leading dealers as well as collectors, will fetch pretty nearly their current price. But current price is a very different thing from actual worth, and depends often as much on the caprice of the hour as on the excellence of the article. Hence the contrasts, anomalies, and fluctuations in price which are continually presented, and of which some instances were given in the former article. Take two or three more. In 1750, Hogarth put up to auction the six paintings of the "Marriage á la Mode," and had the mortification to see them knocked down for 110 guineas. The frames had cost him 24 guineas: so that for the pictures, the best painted, the purest in treatment, and the noblest in purpose of all his works, he received just 14*l.* 7*s.* each. On the other hand, in 1863, a single picture by Mulready, of about the same size, "The First Voyage,"—some children drawing a younger brother along a brook in a washing tub,—a very pretty picture of its class, but bearing about the same relation to any one of the Hogarth series as a play of Tom Taylor's does to one of Shakspere's, sold at Christie's for 1,450 guineas. In justice to the taste of the end of the last century, it must be added that when the "Marriage á la Mode" series was sold by Christie in 1792, it fetched 900 guineas, and five years later was knocked down by the same auctioneer for 1,381*l.* The purchaser on this occasion was Mr. Angerstein, with the rest of whose pictures it was bought in 1824 for the National Gallery. The sale price of the "Marriage á la Mode," cannot therefore be again tested; but we may be certain that in 1864 it would be something very different to that of 1750, or even 1797.

(Concluded on Page 6.)

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The publication office of the SATURDAY PRESS will be removed, on Monday next, to No. 9 Spruce street, first door below the TRIBUNE buildings.

Artemus Ward writes us from Waterford, Maine, that somebody has been taking liberties with his "Betsey Jane"—and that the somebody in question is a certain publisher in Nassau street who hast just had the coolness to publish a book, entitled "Betsey Jane Ward," with which he (Artemus) has nothing whatever to do, and of which he wishes distinctly to deny not only the paternity, but the slightest responsibility. Artemus, furthermore, intimates that if the book were likely to sell in any quantity, he should call it a "wholesale fraud."

A public meeting of the citizens of New York is proposed, with a view of aiding the Health Commissioners in their efforts to cleanse the city and thus keep off the cholera. A number of prominent speakers are said to be getting ready for the occasion, and if, like Garret Davis, they "proceed a good deal like an October rain," they will certainly do some good.

A telegraphic dispatch from Albany to one of the Westchester papers, announces that "Mr. Brandreth has put his pill through the Assembly, and it occasioned quite a flutter." We presume that the original dispatch read "bill."

Some of the humorists of the day—Mr. Nast among others—are making fun of Mayor Hoffman on account of his chin: hitherto, our mayors have been chiefly celebrated for their cheek.

General Grant was arrested in Washington the other day, for driving too fast: why not arrest certain other officials in Washington for driving too slow?

A distinguished senator from Kansas spurned the idea, the other day, that he ever "wore a collar": why won't somebody (Union Adams, for instance) send him one?

A young lady having stated the other day that twenty springs had just passed over her head, an impertinent by stander asked: "Whose—Bradley's?"

Mr. Hogan, M. C. from Missouri, describes the present session of Congress as the "session of magazine articles": he would be nearer the truth if he said powder magazine articles.

Several new Fenian circles have been formed during the week, each of which signifies O.

If a paper could become great simply by becoming large, what a comfort it would be to some of our contemporaries!

A correspondent asks whether the proposed Air Line Railroad between Washington and New York is to be worked by balloons?

Mr. Brooks, of the EXPRESS, consoles himself for having lost his seat in Congress by the fact that he was ousted by a mere Dodge!

LETTER FROM PARIS.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

MY DEAR PRESS:

The last week has been a poetical one. By the forthcoming summer, poetry, like nature herself, will enter its full blossom. Inspiration and flowers put forth both together. This is the moment when every youth in his teens feels the need to sing and celebrate something or other by a set of those broken lines which are called "verses." This feeling is, no doubt, very respectable and inoffensive so long as those who experience it keep it to themselves. If birds wish to sing, I have no objection to their doing so; but I am not aware that birds require an audience to attend their musical entertainments, and I most sincerely regret that our modern poets do not follow their commendable example. It seems that if any one of the sentimental poets who just now pullulate here were actually true and honest, he would sing for himself as his feathered brethren do, and, however, fine, melodious, sweet, and so forth his work might be, destroy it rather than expose it to a profane public, indifferent to the tears and complaints of his soul.

Do not think, Mr. Editor, that this is an indirect way to induce you to believe I am one of those wonderful but unappreciated poets whose sublime works will never be brought to light and are to be lost for posterity. I do confess, indeed, that I once wrote some verses, but it is so long since that I do not actually remember them, though they were only two in number. It was, however, a very touching effort, dedicated to a young lady of Boston who was a very amiable poetess, and who had read to me a poem of her own composition in which she celebrated the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, one of whom was, of course, her ancestor, and came over in the Mayflower. I undertook to give her a poetical answer from my own muse. Unhappily, I never could go further than the two first verses, in which Mayflower was made to rhyme with Knickerbocker. I stuck there, and when I came to read my elaborate work to your young compatriot, she declared in a pitiful and compassionate tone, that I should never be a poet. Her perspicacity was not at fault, as thus far her prevision has been fully realized.

You understand, Mr. Editor, that such being the case, I am free from all the prejudices peculiar to the *irritabile genus*, and that if anybody was ever qualified for judging poetry and poets, it is I. The only difficulty is, that if I undertook to review the mass of poetical works recently published in Paris, I must at least read something of them, and that I own to be entirely beyond my strength. Still, as it is my duty to send you information on the matter, I will try my best in order to give you a correct idea of the poetical flood, by which French literature is just being invaded.

Pages Intimes, by M. Manuel; *Stances et Poèmes*, by M. Sully Prudhomme; *Figures Jeunes*, by M. Louis Ratisbonne; *Donaniel*, by M. Léon Grandet; etc., etc., are the titles of some of the volumes which were offered to me by known and unknown friends, requesting me to give notice of them in your SATURDAY PRESS. I might mention many others, but it would be useless, as your readers are, doubtless, wise enough to consume the products of their own poetical manufactures, without importing any foreign articles of the kind. Yet as our production vastly exceeds consumption, we could, without any damage to ourselves, export a considerable quantity in case there should be a demand for them in your market. Meanwhile the main qualities of this sort of product are not to be overlooked, as they consist of beautiful binding and printing, fine engravings, and other extrinsic charms not to be despised. As to the literary merit of these new-born poets, I consult the newspapers, and I find that they are all great, admirable, and unsurpassed geniuses. Now, as you can doubt anything in the world but what you read in the papers, I look at this statement of the press as the bare and unornamented truth, and therefore inform you that the young poets recently discovered by our journalists will, before long, outgrow our Mussets, Hugos, Lamartines, etc. In fact, this is an excellent opportunity for a young poet, as he would find no redoubtable competitor in his way. Hugo is writing prose, Musset is dead, Lamartine ought to be, and so on. The moment is propitious. Every nation, having any regard for herself, must have a national poet, and France is now in quest of a new one. "Why?" one might ask, "what is the use of a national poet? can't France get along without one?" This question indicates a common mistake of foreigners about France. France is a sentimental land, Mr. Editor, full of poetry, and sentiment, and romance, and feelings of every description, and she needs somebody to interpret them for her. Who would, for instance, have successively sang and celebrated Louis XVIII., Charles X, Louis Philippe, Napoleon I., and the Republic of Forty-eight if Victor Hugo had never existed? Who would imagine to-day of singing the glory of the Mexican expedition, if Lamartine were not living. This is the great utility of our poets, and when Plato wrote that he should crown poets with flowers, and put them out of his republic, he did not say a word about any other form of government, being ignorant that a national poet is a part of a well constituted empire. Napoleon, to whom the world is indebted for the discovery of this great political principle, is going to put it into practice. The only thing required is a poet, but that is of no consequence, as if he is unable to find out any, he will appoint one by decree. Otherwise, he would have to keep his old laureate, M. Belmontet, whose poetical genius is kin to my own, except that he did not stop, as I did, before committing his third verse.

Patti sang some days ago the rôle of Zerlina in "Don Giovanni." She was severely criticised by the press for having omitted a part of the music, and altered the rest. The fact is, that the young prima donna has got a mania which is peculiar to most of the singers of the day, and which consists in totally disfiguring the music of composers, under the pretence of adapting it to her own voice. At her second performance as Zerlina, I noticed that she was not as warmly received as usual. She was much applauded, however, in the air *Batti*; but the duet *La ci darem*, and the cavatina *Vedrai carino*, left the public exceedingly cold. I do not think that she will sing this rôle again, but if she does, she will certainly have to re-establish the text of the maestro.

M. Paradol, the new Academician, has been introduced, according to usage, to the Emperor. M. Paradol was in no way obliged to follow the usage, but he is not one of those who can break with tradition. A short colloquy took place, in which Napoleon tried to be witty, and succeeded in being impertinent: after this they broke off, and Paradol went away, having lost by the interview a good deal of his popularity as a man of the opposition. "*Que diable allait il faire dans cette galère*," as says old Molière.

Last year, two French bibliographers—M. Feuillet de Conches and Le Comte d'Hunolstein—published in two volumes the "Letters of Marie Antoinette." Other writers have since written new biographies based upon these letters: but M. de Siebel, a German bookworm, recently discovered in a public library at Vienna the *originals*, which were of course entirely different from the letters belonging to M. d'Hunolstein and de Conches. These gentlemen, who had paid $200,000 for the purchase of their manuscripts, pretended that M. de Siebel was a counterfeiter. But the alleged forger has just exhibited the letters of the Vienna library to the most competent men in Germany and in France, and the two Frenchmen are now pronounced to have been victimized by skilful forgers. What then becomes of the recent biographies of the queen?

There was, some time ago, a good deal of talk about the generosity of M. Peabody, the American banker in London. I think that it is apropos to give you a sample of French liberality. M. Hachette is a publisher of standard books, who started in business almost without money. By means of sundry monopolies, which government granted him, he built up very rapidly an immense fortune, and is now a millionaire. He wrote lately to the Minister of Public Instruction, in order to inform him that wishing to encourage the public teachers in primary schools, he was willing to send five medals of 100 francs ($20) each, to be given to the five best teachers; adding that he would give five such medals annually for the next four years. The fact needs no commentary. The French newspapers, however, published the letter of M. Hachette, and seriously praised his generosity.

The new drama of M. Alexandre Dumas, senior, entitled "Gabriel Lambert," is on the boards at the Gaieté. I have not yet seen it, but it is reported not to be a success. At any rate, the critics do not generally speak of it in their feuilletons of the week. It is but just to say, however, that they have to deal with the comedy of Emile Augier, "La Contagion," which is decidedly the great success of the day. I will give you some account of this after a second hearing.

M. Théodore de Banville will have his new piece, —"Pierre Gringoire"—represented pretty soon at the Théâtre Français. The cast includes MM. Got, Lafontaine, Coquelin, Barré, Chéry, and Mmes. Victoria Lafontaine and Ponsin. A few journalists who have attended the first rehearsals pronounce it to be of high literary merit. ECO.

PARIS, March 30.

[*For the Saturday Press.*]

MEDICAL ALMANACS.

I am an invalid. My complaint is chronic, and I am rather glad of it because the doctors usually give up their chronic patients. They gave me up long ago—or I gave them up—no matter which way it was. It is sufficient that I still live. Yes, I still live, though I have been down under every system from Allopathy to Hunger cure. I have patronized them all, and survived them all.

And I will here confess for the first time that on one occasion when the streets appeared to be clear of my acquaintances, I sneaked into the office of a spiritualist doctor and asked him what was the matter. He went into fits, or a trance, or something of the sort, and proceeded to diagnos me. Now, he said he could "see through my whole system just as easy as I could see through his winder." I was forced to acknowledge the beauty of his illustration notwithstanding his window was so dirty. I could not see through it at all. He proceeded to inform me that he could also see through my grandfather and grandmother and the whole line of my ancestry back to William the Conqueror, and they had all been afflicted with information on the lungs. That, he said, was the matter with me.

(I began to understand why my family had never arrived at distinction—the "information" had always settled on the lungs. With some people it flies into the head.) My complaint, he continued, was chronic and incurable, but he could cure me for ten dollars. He then waked himself up and charged me a dollar.

I gave him up.

Next the old ladies took me in hand. God bless the old ladies! They mean well. I never knew one of them that had not an excellent remedy of her own. They gave me roots and barks and herbs, charms and advice—all of which I took with religious fidelity. One humane matron, I remember, instructed me to steal a piece of meat and bury it in the new moon. While endeavoring to do so, just as I was breaking into my neighbor's kitchen one night he fired at me from his bed-room window—and I fled without the meat.

I consoled myself with the reflection that I had endeavored to do my duty, and if the inhabitants of the moon were reduced to a short crop of meat that season the fault was not mine.

And so the old ladies gave me up.

Many unreflecting people, doubtless, entertain the delusive notion that it is a misfortune to have a chronic complaint, and to be given up. But it is not. It is the beginning of happiness. The human mind rejoices that it is free. The intellect brushes away the cobwebs of prejudice, and the invalid, scorning the ordinary uses of money, sends for a bottle of Patent Medicine. The humane druggist furnishes it, and sends along a dozen reliable "medical almanacs" free. The invalid, almost overcome with gratitude, and his gratitude increases as he reads, for he soon learns that thousands like himself who have been given up, have been at last snatched from the verge of grave by a single bottle!

It was in this way that I commenced. A single bottle, or rather the almanac, opened my eyes. I began to see things. Here was an abundance of healthy and reliable reading furnished free, and here was a bottle of the precious fluid itself. Here was indeed richness at last.

And wishing to be impartial I have felt it my duty to patronize at different times nearly all of the invaluable popular remedies of the day. To be sure my chronic complaint remains; and I am no better in a physical point of view than when I was first given up. But the fault is evidently with me—not with the medicines. It is sufficient that they have cured thousands, as the affidavits and certificates in the almanacs abundantly show. Among them I recognize the name of John Smith, a neighbor of mine—an honest man. Now, when Smith certifies over his own name that a single bottle cured him of a distressing case of chronic cholera of over twenty years standing, I feel bound to believe him. I believe him, notwithstanding I never heard of his severe indisposition at all—for if John Smith is not to be believed, the useful science of statistics becomes unreliable and human virtue is placed under suspicion. I believe him.

But my benefit has been chiefly from the "Almanacs." I have accumulated a large and valuable library of them—a perfect Cyclopedia of Statistics; and I need scarcely remark that the exact science of Statistics lies at the bottom of all philosophy and social reform. In the course of my statistical investigations I have been struck with many remarkable coincidences.

In the first place I was astonished to discover that any one of the remedies is a perfect panacea for every ill that the flesh is heir to. I was next astonished at the large number of persons who are annually given up by the physicians and afterwards cured by Patent Medicines! Such candor on the part of the physicians reflects great credit on the profession; and it explodes the popular error that the doctors are in the habit of holding out unreasonable hopes to their patients after their cases have become absolutely dangerous. But they don't. They frankly give them up—and the patients recover. The concurrent testimony of the Almanacs on these points is perfectly overwhelming.

I might perhaps add to the interest of this article by quoting several columns of the reliable certificates themselves, but the reader can satisfy himself when he comes to read the Almanacs. Enough has been said, I trust, to open the eyes of the public, and start it in the right direction for the field of Truth.

I might drop the subject here; but my duty would be but half performed if I were to withhold from my fellow-beings the benefit of a little valuable advice. There is your new Board of Health, for instance, with their fingers in their mouths, not knowing what to do because they have never read the Almanacs, and because the doctors have not given them up. Let them go to reading Statistics. Let them send a single bottle and an Almanac into every house, to be taken according to directions, at bed time, and, my word for it, the people of New York will be proof against all personal attacks of Cholera, the Turkish Bath, the Trichinæ, and other terrible epidemics. Thus may the Rinderpest be kept out of Wall street, and thus may New York become prosperous and happy.

Another suggestion: It is well known that our glorious fabric of free institutions is at this time in imminent danger of being torn asunder by an unfortunate breach between the President and Congress about Bureaus. It is all about Bureaus. Congress got up a beautiful new bureau for the Freedmen. The President held that the old one was good enough, and objected to the new one because it had too many money drawers about it, and was moreover an article of furniture not mentioned among the sacred provisions of the Constitution. He, therefore, smashed it with a Veto.

This enraged Congress, and set the enemies of agriculture in that body against the Bureau of Agriculture, because it was understood to be a favorite department with the President. Because the honored head of that Department cannot exactly distinguish between beans and pumpkins seeds, they threaten to abolish his bureau. They assert that a man is not fit to preside over a bureau that does not know beans.

The President, it is understood, denounces the movement as revolutionary. It is an unreasonable test, and is intended to deprive the government of the heads of its principal departments. He sees in it an insidious attempt to effect by indirection what Congress has not the moral courage to accomplish by assassination.

And so the gulf widens, and our glorious edifice threatens to totter to its final fall.

And is there no remedy, no Panacea, for our national woes? Is there not something that will bring about a feeling of brotherly love between the President and Congress? I know the physicians prescribe whiskey for everything now-a-days; it has been tried, but it will not answer in this case, perhaps because the physicians have given up the parties. But there is a remedy, and it is the easiest thing in the world.

Let them abolish both of the troublesome bureaus and in place of them establish a Bureau of Patent Medicines and Medical Almanacs—or, if you please, call it the Bureau of Sanitary Affairs.

Then instead of able agricultural reports, send out

almanacs, and the people will find them equally entertaining and reliable. Instead of seed beans and pumpkin seeds, send to each family a bottle of the valuable remedies. It will cost much less than the reports and seeds, and, if taken according to directions, there will be but little use for beans and pumpkins in a short time.

This ought to satisfy the friends of agriculture Send an almanac to each of the Freedmen, and by the time he learns to read it, he will be prepared to vote. At the same time send to each of the late Rebels a bottle of reliable Strengthening Bitters—they will not refuse; none of them was ever known to refuse anything put up in a bottle—and under the extraordinary effects of these truly loyal bitters the so-called Rebels will soon become incapable of oppressing their African brothers or anybody else.

This ought to satisfy the friends of human freedom. In this way harmony may be restored, and in the course of a few years the Southern States which have never been out of the Union, may be safely allowed to come back into the Union, and assist in absorbing the appropriations of Congress.

And here let me remark, the Sanitary Bureau might also keep for domestic use, for the benefit of the Executive branch and Congress, a supply of that useful remedy for a depraved appetite for drink.

I am tempted to close this article with a patriotic peroration, by planting the Stars and Stripes over the new bureau, and leaving its affairs with the Goddess of Liberty. As I cannot see any better way out of it. I will do so—with just one parting word of advice to the reader: Send for an Almanac; ask for a reliable Medical Almanac—and take no other.

O. L. C.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

BY FIGARO.

I consider the most notable event in the theatrical world this week, Mr. Editor, to be the first appearance for a twelve-month, on Monday evening last, at Wallack's Theatre, of Mr. Oliver Goldsmith and Mr. Lester Wallack.

Excuse me for putting Mr. Goldsmith's name first, but he is entitled to the honor from considerations of age—and in fact, not to put too fine a point on it, from some others.

Well, there was a splendid house on the occasion, and the reception given to the two gentlemen was such as will be remembered by those of us who were present,

While life and light and being lasts,
And immortality endures.

This may be stating the matter rather strongly, but how else could I have brought in that splendid Sunday-school couplet?

But really, Sir, the reception was one to be remembered, and if Mr. Oliver were here—or Mr. Lester—I would give him a nosegay on the spot in token of congratulation: for you see Mr. Oliver is one of my earliest acquaintances, and though I did'nt have the honor of knowing Mr. Lester till some forty or fifty years after, it has always been more or less pleasant for me to associate their two names together.

O! I came well nigh forgetting to say that the first appearance, etc., etc., above alluded to was celebrated by the performance of Mr. Oliver's "She Stoops to Conquer," in which Mr. Lester played the part of Young Marlow—Miss Henriques of Miss Neville—Miss Gannon of Miss Hardcastle—Mrs. Vernon of Mrs. Hardcastle—Mr. John Gilbert of Mr. Hardcastle—Mr. George Holland of Tony Lumpkin—Mr. Young of Diggory, and so on: a regular Wallack cast, which is about equivalent to saying the best cast the times afford.

Mr. O. G. and I, it is true, can hardly consent to the manner in which, of late, most of the characters are overdrawn, making the play more like a farce than a comedy; but still, all things considered—the temptation to excite applause—the want of nice discrimination on the part of audiences—the growing tendency, especially on the American stage, in favor of caricature and extravagance—we are content to approve what is good (and at Wallack's there is much which is excellent) letting the bad correct itself according to the intelligence and refinement of the public.

I think that, on the whole, my old friend Mrs. Centlivre, who appeared at Wallack's for the first time this season on Wednesday, had a better time of it than Goldsmith: her charming play of "The Wonder," was performed on the occasion, in a style almost approaching high art.

Mr. Lester, of course, depicted Don Felix (adding but few colors this time from his own pallet) while Col. Britton was given to Mr. Fisher—Don Pedro to Mr. Holland—Lissardo to Mr. Young—Donna Violante to Miss Henriques—Inez to Miss Burke—and Isabella to Mrs. Jennings—all of whom were in their best mood, and played as if they knew Mrs. C. and I were there, to applaud them.

The third great attraction at Wallack's this week has been Boucicault's "How She Loves Him," which was played on one of my off-nights, (Thursday), but will be repeated to-night when I hope to see it.

Next week (commencing on Tuesday evening, I believe,) we are to have "Don Cæsar de Bazan"—with Mr. Wallack as Don Cæsar.

That, of course, I shall see.

The other theatres, etc., may be disposed of in a few paragraphs.

At Niblo's, Miss Maggie Mitchell closes her series of wierd performances this evening in her pet character of Pauchon: and on Monday Miss Bateman commences a new engagement with her great rôle of Julia in "The Hunchback," which she will play all the week. You can imagine the welcome that awaits her. In the course of her engagement, Miss Bateman will play, besides Julia, Juliet, Geraldine, Pauline, Bianca, Lady Macbeth, and Leah: and, no doubt, will achieve another series of triumphs.

At the Olympic, the play of "The Three Guardsmen," with its splendid cast and superb scenery will be continued until further notice.

At the Academy of Music, Maretzek will close his brilliant season this afternoon with Meyerbeer's Opera of the Huguenots. Next week Mr. Grover takes the house for a short season of German opera, commencing on Tuesday evening with Gounod's "Faust," which will be followed on Wednesday evening by Rossini's "William Tell;" the two operas being cast as follows:—

FAUST.

Mephistopheles	Joseph Herrmann
Faust	Franz Himmer
Marguerite	Mme. Johanna Rotter
Siebel	Mlle Sophia Dziuba
Valentin	Heinrich Steinecke

WILLIAM TELL.

Mathilde	Mme. Johanna Rotter
Jemmy	Mlle. Sophia Dziuba
William Tell	Wilhelm Formes
(His first appearance in opera in this city.)	
Arnold Melchthal	Franz Himmer
Jacques	Theodore Habelman
Walther Furst	Joseph Hermann
Gessler	Joseph Weinlich
Melchthal Urchs	Leuthold Lehman
Rudolph Haimer	Hedwig Mme Pickaneser

Among the other operas to be given are "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Les Huguenots," "Fidelio," "La Dame Blanche," "Fra Diavolo," "Magic Flute," and "Tannhauser." A grand chorus has been engaged, and the services of Graffula's Seventh Regiment Band.

At Irving Hall, Blind Tom, the negro pianist, will continue to give his marvellous imitations, improvisations, etc., all next week.

At Wood's Theatre, Miss Lucille Western closed her engagement last night, in "Lucrezia Borgia" and "The Honeymoon." Miss Western has given us a series of remarkable performances, attaining in certain character-parts all but the highest point in dramatic art.

At Barnum's, the scriptural play of "Moses; or, Israel in Egypt" continues to draw immense crowds every afternoon and evening, and bids fair to be continued to the end of the season. In point of scenic effect, it is one of most attractive pieces ever put on the New York boards.

Finally, Mr. Editor, don't forget that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean make their last appearance in this country on Monday evening next, at the Academy of Music, and that you can then have the opportunity of seeing one of the greatest pieces of acting known to any stage—to wit, Mr. Kean's Louis XI.

If I could afford it, I would send every actor and actress in town a free ticket, and pay any forfeit they might incur for staying away from their respective theatres.

Figaro.

P. S. To-morrow night (Saturday) there will be a grand Sacred Concert at Irving Hall for the purpose of bringing out the beauties of Odell's new organ: the organist of the occasion will be Mr. Morgan; the singers, Mrs. Abbott, (soprano) Mr. Castle, (tenor) and Mr. Lumbard (basso).

AN AXIOM FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE PRESIDENT.—The more haste the less Speed.

A FAST MAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.—Whatever you do, my boy, do it: and wherever you go, go it.

ECHO'S ADVICE TO THE HEALTH COMMISSIONERS ABOUT WASHINGTON MARKET.—Mark it!

A GENUINE "IRISH STEW."—The Fenian movement.

UNCOMFORTABLE INJUNCTION FOR AN ALGERIAN.—Work while the Dey lasts.

VINCENT, Ohio, April, 1866.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Poetry, Lyrical, Narrative and Satirical of the Civil War. Selected and edited by Richard Grant White. 12mo. pp. 334. New York: American News Co.

Poems, in Sunshine and Firelight. By John James Piatt. pp. 126. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co.

A Text-Book on Chemistry. For the use of schools and colleges. By Henry Draper, M.D., Prof. Adjunct of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of New York. With more than three hundred illustrations. 12mo. pp. 507. New York: Harper & Bros.

The Adventures of Reuben Davidger; seventeen years and four months captive among the Dyaks of Borneo. By James Greenwood, author of "Wild Sports of the World," "Curiosities of Savage Life," &c., &c. 12mo. pp. 344. New York: Harper & Bros.

Simplicity and Fascination. By Anne Beale. 12mo. pp. 499. Boston: Loring, Publisher.

Woman against Woman. By Florence Maryatt (Mrs Ross Church). pp. 231. Price, 75 cents. Loring's Railway Library.

The Toilers of the Sea. A novel. By Victor Hugo, author of "Les Miserables." Paper. pp. 156. New York: Harper & Bros.

Walter Goring. A story. By Annie Thomas, author of "Dennis Downe," "On Guard," "Theo. Leigh," &c. New York: Harper & Bros.

The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., Colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne. Written by himself. (by W. M. Thackeray). In two volumes. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

The Yellowplush Papers. Comprising the Memoirs of Mr. Chas. J. Yellowplush, and the Diary of C. Jeames de la Pluche, to which is added Cox's Diary. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.

The Night Side of New York. A Picture of the great metropolis after nightfall. By members of the New York Press. Illustrations by Frank Beard. Paper. pp. 121. New York: J. C. Haney & Co.

AMUSEMENTS.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—

LEONARD GROVER.....DIRECTOR.

Commencing
TUESDAY EVENING, April 17, 1866,
A brief season of
GRAND GERMAN OPERA,

Gounod's Very Popular Opera, presented originally in America by the Grand German Opera Company,

FAUST. FAUST.

Joseph Hermann in his very celebrated role,

		Mephistopheles.
Franz Himmer	as	Faust.
Madame Johanna Rotter	as	Marguerite.
Mdlle. Sophia Dziuba	as	Siebel.
Heinrich Steinecke	as	Valentin.

Wagner Lehman, Maria, Mme. Berger.

GRAFULLA'S SEVENTH REGIMENT BAND.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 18.

Rossini's great masterwork,

WILLIAM TELL.

Presented for the first time in this city in eleven years.

Mathilde	Mme. Johanna Rotter.
Jemmy	Mdlle. Sophia Dziuba.
William Tell	Wilhelm Formes.
(His first appearance in opera in this city.)	
Arnold Melchthal	Franz Himmer
Jacques	Theodore Habelman.
Walther Furst	Joseph Hermann.
Gessler	Joseph Weinlich.
Melchthal Urchs	Leuthold Lehman.
Rudolph Haimer	Hedwig Mme. Pickaneser

The season further embraces the presentation of "Merry Wives of Windsor," "Les Huguenots," "Fidelio," "La Dame Blanche," "Fra Diavolo," "Magic Flute," "Tannhauser."

THE GRAND AUGMENTED CHORUS

presents on this occasion the following remarkable personnel, embracing nearly the entire operatic choral force of the country:—

SOPRANI.

Miss Herwagen	Miss Giesiebel,
Mrs. Dornbrach,	Mrs. Kentgen,
Mrs. Berger	Miss Deets.

SECOND SOPRANI.

Miss Beyer	Mrs. Taubeot,
Miss Herre,	Mrs. Botter,
Mrs Hubach,	Miss Berger
Mrs Meyer,	Miss Bennerr,
Miss Herters.	

FIRST TENORS.	SECOND TENORS.
Vierack,	Finsheim,
Weinggeroer,	Klebs.
Diehm,	Bunzmann,
Hubner,	Weihnacht,
Schlosser,	Huck,
Riedel,	Garber,
Schnorr,	Ferber
Arber,	Boesing.

FIRST BASS.	SECOND BASS.
Lehman,	Kerrel
Haimer,	Urchis,
Albrechi,	Kohn,
Piehringer,	Fray,
Czaneck,	Fleck,
Carmer,	Schwieardi 1st,
Algoberger,	Schwieardi 2d,
Jaesen,	Schneeberger,
	Gerber
	Huneidi.

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essential to vocal

FANFARES AND PAGEANTS,

will be strengthened by the leading voices of several societies of the

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For this season the Director has determined upon a scheme of POPULAR ADMISSION PRICES.—Admission to Parquet and Dress Circle, ONE DOLLAR. Secured seats fifty cents extra. Family Circle, FIFTY CENTS. Amphitheatre, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Thus presenting Grand Operas, with every accessory, at the Ordinary Dramatic Prices of the Day.

The sale of secured seats will commence at the usual offices this morning.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

Lessee and Manager.....WM. WHEATLEY.

☞ This establishment does not advertise in the N. Y. Herald.

THIS (Saturday) AFTERNOON.

LAST FANCHON MATINEE, commencing at 2½ o'clock.

SATURDAY EVENING, positively last appearance of MISS MITCHELL, when she will appear, by special request, as AMRY, The Little Barefoot.

Mr. Wheatley takes great pleasure in announcing an engagement, for a limited period, with

MISS BATEMAN.

who will appear on

MONDAY, EVENING, APRIL 16TH.

in her great personation of

JULIA,

(first time in three years) in Knowles's popular play of the

HUNCHBACK.

Admission, 75 cents. Reserved seats, $1. Orchestra Chairs, $1.50. Seats in Dress Circle Private Boxes, $1.50. Family Circle (entrance on Crosby street), 50 cents Private Boxes, $8, $9, $10. Seats secured six days in advance.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Sole Lessee and Manageress.....MRS. JOHN WOOD
Stage Manager.....J. H. SELWYN

This Establishment does not advertise in the New York Herald.

THIS EVENING,

AND EVERY EVENING TILL FURTHER NOTICE,

Will be presented in a style of magnificence far surpassing all previous efforts, and which has received the

HIGHEST ENCOMIUMS

both of the

PUBLIC AND THE PRESS,

and achieved an

ABSOLUTE AND INDISPUTABLE SUCCESS,

the Romantic Spectacular drama, in three acts, from the French of Alexander Dumas, entitled the

☞ 3 ☜

GUARDSMEN,

Produced with

New Scenery.....by.....HAYES
Music, selected and arranged.....by.....THOS. BAKER

Mechanical effects by W. Sanders; properties and appointments by W. Henry; correct and elegant costumes by J. Bullock, and the following powerful cast of characters seldom equalled but never excelled, including,

EVERY MEMBER OF THE COMPANY.

ANNE OF AUSTRIA	Mme. METHUA SCHELLER
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in which character she will sing a new romanza, written and composed by herself, entitled

"I LOVED HIM AT FIRST SIGHT."

Lady Winter	Miss Kate Newton
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Doors open in the evening at 7½. Curtain rises at 8.

SEATS SECURED THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE.

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BLIND TOM
EVERY EVENING THIS WEEK.

Admission, 50 cents. Reserved Seats, $1.
Can be had at Beer & Schirmer's music store, No. 701 Broadway; also at the Hall from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

GRAND ORGAN EXHIBITION

OF
SACRED MUSIC,
ON
ODELL'S NEW ORGAN
AT
IRVING HALL,
SUNDAY EVENING, April 15, 1866.
MR. G. W. MORGAN,
the celebrated Organist, will be assisted by
MRS. MARIE ABBOTT, Soprano;
Mr. WM. CASTLE, Tenor;
and
Mr. JULES LUMBARD, Basso.

Tickets 50 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents extra.
For sale at all the music stores.

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MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN'S
FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

Being the only night they can appear in New York, and positively their
LAST APPEARANCE ON THIS CONTINENT,
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 16, 1866.

On which occasion will be presented the celebrated play in five acts, of

LOUIS XI.

Louis XI	Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
Martha	Mrs. CHARLES KEAN
The Dauphin	Miss CHAPMAN.
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Aided by the excellent support of a
FIRST-CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY.

To conclude with Coleman's admirable comedy in three acts entitled the

JEALOUS WIFE.

Mr. Oakley	Mr. CHARLES KEAN.
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With a powerful distribution of characters.

PRICES.—Admission, $1.50; secured Parquet and Balcony seats, 50 cents extra; Family Circle, 75 cents; Amphitheatre, 50 cents Boxes according to location. The sale of secured seats will take place at the Academy of Music, and at Root, Anthony & Co.'s, No 21 Nassau street, from 8 A. M. till 4 P. M.

Doors open at 7; commences at 7½ precisely.

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Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets

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ANOTHER GLITTERING NOVELTY.
EVERY AFTERNOON AT 2: EVENING AT 7½.

A GRAND MYTHOLOGICAL SPECTACULAR DRAMA specially adapted for the Museum, entitled,

THE EARTHQUAKE,
OR THE SPECTRE OF THE NILE.
WITH NEW AND GORGEOUS SCENERY
WONDERFUL MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES,
and in which the splendid
MOVING PANORAMA OF THE NILE.
will be introduced, with the addition of a
STORM SCENE WITH PECULIAR EFFECTS.
First appearance of the Phenomenon,
MASTER ALLEY TURNER,
the Infant Drummer, 4 years old.
Previous to which
A STARTLING WONDER,
THE SPHINX.
A REMARKABLE AND UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.
At all hours the great
AUSTRALIAN LIVING BIRD SHOW.
Comprising a splendid Collection of the
RAREST SPECIES.
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GIANT AND GIANTESS—THREE DWARFS.
TWO CIRCASSIAN GIRLS.—GLASS BLOWERS.
THREE-HORNED BULL.—PERSIAN SHEEP.
Albino Boy, Cosmoramas, Learned Seal, Happy Family, Grand Aquaria, 100,000 Curiosities.
Admission, 50 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

WALLACK'S.—

Proprietor and Manager.....Mr. LESTER WALLACK.

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Open at half-past seven. Begin at eight.

SATURDAY,
HOW SHE LOVES HIM,
MONDAY,
SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER.

Which attracted densely crowded houses at the first and second representations, will be given for the first time this season.

The fine Drama of
DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN,
with
NEW SCENERY, NEW COSTUMES,
and
ALL THE ORIGINAL MUSIC, GREAT CAST, FULL AND EFFICIENT
CHORUS AND BALLET,
will be produced on
TUESDAY, April 17th,
for the
FIRST TIME IN THIS THEATRE,
The number of
MR. LESTER WALLACK'S,
Performances must be necessarily limited.
The Box Book for his Nights is now open.
The Free List (excepting the Press) is entirely suspended.

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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

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We beg leave to inform you that we have purchased the interest and Art Stock of Mr. EMIL SEITZ, and shall continue to carry on the business at the well known store, 842 Broadway.

Our assortment will comprise Old and Modern

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Being connected with the most prominent Fine Art Establishments on both continents, we are enabled to import, at short notice and on the most favorable terms, all works of Art not found in this market.

We will also have on sale the well known Chromo-Lithograph, after Bierstadt's celebrated picture, entitled

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"*MONUMENTS OF ART*," being a complete history of Art from the earliest period to the present day, and other works of similar character published by Mr. Seitz.

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Soliciting the favor of your patronage,

We remain, very respectfully,

WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT,

G. L. WEISMANN, formerly with Emil Seitz, N. Y.
C. W. R. LANGERFELDT, formerly with Williams & Everett, Boston.

New York, Feb. 15th, 1866.

I would respectfully inform you that I have disposed of the retail portion of my business to MESSRS. WEISMANN & LANGERFELDT, who will continue to carry it on at the well-known stand, corner of Broadway and 13th street; and that I intend to devote myself entirely, from the present date, to my own publications relating to the Fine Arts.

I solicit for my successors a continuance of the favor and patronage which I have received from you, and for which I beg leave to return my sincere acknowledgments.

Very respectfully yours,

EMIL SEITZ,
835 Broadway.

New York, Feb. 15th, 1866.

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VANDERLIP & TAYLOR,

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FINE DRESS SHIRTS TO ORDER.

(Continued from Page 3.)

Again, at the great Stowe sale. 1849, an earthenware plate, 9 inches in diameter, of the kind of Majolica known as Caffagiolo, was sold to a dealer for 4*l.*—probably as much as it cost the Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Bernal gave the dealer a sovereign for his bargain. At the sale of Mr. Bernal's collection in 1855, this plate was bought for the South Kensington Museum for 120*l.*! Its special interest arises from its having on it a representation of a Majolica painter at work in his studio. Probably it is quite worth the 120*l.* given for it by the South Kensington big-wigs in 1855; but then what becomes of the 4*l.* of 1849 as a test of value? The explanation, of course, is that Majolica was not much heeded in 1849 and was the rage in 1855, and South Kensington is very sensitive to the influence of the *mode*. Compare with this an instance of depreciation in price. Josiah Wedgwood, among other notable works, produced fifty exquisite reproductions of the Portland vase. A few years ago a good copy sold at Christie's for 200 guineas. Last July a still finer copy was sold there for 27 guineas. Perhaps at the present moment—Mr. Gladstone's *éloge* on Wedgwood, and the announcement of an elaborate biography having recalled attention to the greatest of our potters—if a copy were put up for sale a much nearer approach to the old price would be obtained.

In our notes of prices precedence must be given to Pictures, and according to right of seniority, to the works of the old masters; though of late years these have somewhat fallen from their pride of place in the London sale-room. Partly, no doubt, this has arisen from the increasing rarity of very fine examples. Pictures of a high order are year by year being absorbed in national galleries and great hereditary collections, from which there is no return, and there are no newly-discovered repositories whence a fresh supply can be drawn. But there has also been gradually operating a change of taste for modern pictures among British buyers. When a really great picture by one of the old masters comes into the public market, whether here or elsewhere, competitors for it are many, eager, and open-handed. The most striking recent example, and that which will occur to every one, was Marshal Soult's famous picture of the "Immaculate Conception," by Murillo, which was sold at Paris, in May 1852, for 24,612*l.* (615,300fr.) This was the largest sum probably ever obtained for a picture at a public auction, but then the competitors were personages of no ordinary magnitude, they being the newly-elected Emperor of the French, laudably zealous for his country's *gloire*—which Parisians had somehow persuaded themselves would be sullied by the expatriation of the Murillo—the Queen of Spain, no less zealous to recover one of the stolen jewels of her diadem, the Emperor of Russia, seemingly bent on carrying off the prize from both, and the Marquis of Hertford, in the actual encounter the last to give way. It was a pretty price, and profitable for the Soult family, seeing that the picture cost the illustrious marshall only the little twinge his conscience must have felt at filching it from the altar for which Murillo painted it. But Soult bagged too many church pictures for the special sanctity of any one to trouble him long, and so his family reaped the benefit. It is, by the way, worth noting that this picture would have adorned our National Gallery instead of the Louvre, could the authorities have been aroused by repeated applications. Soult himself, in 1824, proposed, through Mr. Buchanan, to sell this and his seven other Murillos on comparatively easy terms to the English government; but the offer was declined. Again, after the revolution of 1848, the political horizon looking troubled, the marshall became anxious to convert his Spanish pictures into English gold. The price set on the "Immaculate Conception" was about 6,000*l.* It was deemed too high, and the opportunity was lost. When, four years later, it realised four times that sum, a Murillo fever set in; but it has cooled down now. In 1860, a renowned English Murillo (known as the Belvidere), the same in subject as the Paris picture, and, as some said, equal in merit, whilst it was larger in size, was put up by its inheritor at Christie's, but bought in because no one could be found to advance beyond 9,000 guineas—a sum we may question whether it would reach if offered for sale in 1864. The following year (1861) another "Immaculate Conception," and one the genuineness of which seemed not to be doubted; which, shortly after it was painted, had been carried to Mexico by an archbishop of that country; not returned to Europe till 1853; and eventually consigned to England with some parade and offered in private for 4000 guineas, only realized under Christie's hammer a poor 900. At the sale of Earl Clare's pictures, June 1864, a "Peasant holding a bottle, a wreath of vine on his head," one of Murillo's finest works of its class, sold for 1300 guineas.

On the whole, Rubens, among the older masters, seems to have best preserved his popularity with our picture buyers. His works always fetched high prices, and choice examples have steadily increased in market value. Thus the well known "Rainbow Landscape," which, when brought to England at the beginning of the present century, with difficulty found a purchaser at 1500*l.*, was sold by Christie in 1823, at Watson Taylor's sale, for 2730*l.*, and when it again came under his hammer, at Lord Oxford's sale in 1856, brought 4550*l.* Again, not to multiply instances, a "Portrait of a Lady," believed to be the wife and children of Rubens's friend, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, was bought by Lord Ward at Christie's, in 1860, for 7500 guineas; a price which quite throws into the shade that given for the more famous "Chapeau de Paille," for which Sir Robert Peel paid 3500 guineas. Of Rubens's great scholar, Vandyck, one of the most noteworthy of the late prices was 1850 guineas given by the marquis of Westminster at Christie's in 1861, for the celebrated picture of the "Bolingbroke Family." The year before, 1000 guineas were given in the same room for a three quarter portrait of his fellow-pupil, Snyders, the animal painter. A head, by Rembrandt, of something over average merit, brings about a like sum, but on the whole, although the Jew that Rembrandt drew (with his etching needle) is in greater request than ever, the fruit of his paint-brush is somewhat less eagerly sought after. At any rate, we have had no such prices of late as that obtained at the sale at Christie's in 1811 of the "Portrait of the Master-Shipbuilder," for which 5000 guineas were given. There is, however, a sad lot of rubbish got rid of in auction rooms under the name of Rembrandt, of which his pencil was quite innocent—and of these the novice should beware, or he may receive a rough lesson. Very recently, for example, there was sold in King Street, what the catalogue termed "a noble work," by Rembrandt. It had been bought at the sale of Mr. Lee, of Shelton, for close upon 400*l.*, it now fetched 15*l.*! Of course before Mr. Christie's hammer fell its spurious character had been determined but instances of a like kind are of frequent occurrence.

Of the other Dutch and French masters a nearly similar report might be made. Very fine examples secure large prices, but average specimens are of lower value than formerly in the auction room: 1070 guineas for a "Woody Landscape," nobly painted, by Hobbema (1857), and 890 guineas for an "Interior," by Ostade (1860), may be regarded as above the average. Fifty years ago a fine "Village Festival," by Teniers, sold at Christie's for 1732*l.*; a remarkably fine Khermese was sold by Christie, at Mr. Oppenheim's sale, June 1854, for 1450 guineas. At Lord Northwick's sale, 1859, a well-known landscape, "The Miseries of War," by Wouverman, sold for 1035 guineas: at the La Fontaine sale, in 1811, Christie sold his "Hay Harvest" (now in the Royal Collection), for 1700 guineas. Again, the "View of Dort," by Cuyp, which, when brought to England a century back, was purchased by Captain Baillie for 70*l.*, fetched at Lady Stuart's sale 2200*l.*; but at late sales, among the highest prices obtained for a Cuyp are 1500 guineas for a remarkably fine Morning Scene, at the Saltmarshe sale in 1860, and 920 for A Landscape, at the Northwick sale the year before. These may be taken, perhaps, as showing that the value of this class of works is not advancing; and we have certainly had no such sum as 1890 guineas given of late years for Peasants and Cattle, by A. Vandevelde; nor, perhaps, as 1677 guineas for a Landscape, by Both—prices obtained by Christie in 1811. On the other hand, instances occur of a marked rise in the price of particular works, as at the sale of Mr. Scarisbrick's pictures in 1861, where a Calm, by W. Vandevelde, which was bought at the Redleaf sale, in 1852, for 215 guineas, fetched 620. At the same sale a Landscape, by Ruysdael, no doubt of finer quality realised the handsome amount of 1250 guineas. In 1864, a Grand Romantic Landscape, by Jacob Ruysdael, from the Oppenheim collection, sold for 1450 guineas; whilst at the same sale a Group of flowers by Jan Van Huysum fetched 500 guineas.

Pictures of high character by the great Italian painters are of rarer occurrence in the auction room than works of corresponding rank by the masters of the Netherlands. A masterpiece by Raffaelle would create a sensation and render the year memorable in the annals of King Street. But no such event has happened of late. It will therefore suffice, as space is limited, to mention, without comment, two or three of the higher prices obtained in the last few years. At Lord Northwick's sale, 1859, a Cupid Wounded, by Giorgione, sold for 1250 guineas; the Birth of Jupiter, by Giulio Romano, to the National Gallery, for 929*l.*; and the Stoning of St. Stephen, by Garofalo, a well-known painting from the Balbi Palace, for 1530 guineas. At the same sale a St. John, very finely painted by Carlo Dolci, fetched the large sum of 2010 guineas, and at the Scarisbrick sale, in 1861, a St. James, by Guido, brought 1250 guineas—sufficient proof that the taste for this class of art has not materially declined. Whether it be that Ruskin's censure of Salvator Rosa has influenced purchasers, or opened their eyes to his faults, or that fashion has for the moment turned aside from him, or only that first-rate examples have not been offered, certain it is that his pictures have not brought high prices lately. Such sums as 1500 guineas have been given at Christie's, in 1801, for a Rocky Scene by him, and 2100 guineas for a Landscape, at Sir Mark Sykes's sale in 1824: but of late 300 or 400 seems to be quite the outside price. For a Claude the highest price we have noticed lately was 850 guineas in 1860: but a great work by him would undoubtedly obtain a much larger sum.

The class of old pictures which has most decidedly risen in sale-room estimation is that of the true pre-Raffaelites—the Italian masters of the quattro cento. To name only a few. A Giotto, quaint and interesting, but assuredly not one of his best works, though praised by Vasari, "Christ receiving the Soul of the Virgin," sold in June, 1863 for 950 guineas, at Mr. Davenport Bromley's sale—the chief collection of these works brought to the hammer for a long time. At the same sale "Our Saviour on the Mount of Olives," by G. Bellini, sold to the National Gallery for 600 guineas, and the "Holy Trinity," by Peselli, to the same institution for 2000 guineas, a sum which extorted a round of applause from the assembled votaries of early art. A "Portrait of La Simonetta," by F. Lippi, or A. Pollajuolo, for the learned differed as to its paternity, brought 460 guineas; and a "Virgin and Child," by Botticello, 750 guineas. Equalling these, however, was the price (800 guineas) obtained for the "St. Catherine," of Conegliano, and one or two others of the same period at Lord Northwick's sale four years before. At this last sale occurred one of those little slips which shows how much the acumen of the experts is sometimes at fault. A "Virgin and Child," attributed to Verrocchio, was purchased by Mr. Bromley, for 230 guineas. At the Bromley sale, four years later, it was called a Boltraffio and sold for 440 guineas—a very handsome profit. But the noticeable thing was that it was purchased for the National Gallery, the agents for which were of course at the Northwick sale, though they then failed to recognise the value of the picture. But it is not only in these early pictures that such oversights happen. At the Northwick sale, Mr. Bromley bought a "Virgin and Child," said to be an early work of Leonardo da Vinci, and referred to as such in M. Rio's life of the great Florentine; but its attribution was evidently disbelieved, as it sold for 15 guineas. At Mr. Bromley's sale it fetched 140 guineas.

The most striking increase of price is however shown, where we may be well content, to witness it, in the English pictures. A carefully-collected list of the prices originally paid for such of the more important works as have of late come into the auction room, of those who were in their day the most admired and most patronized of our painters, would supply some suggestive illustrations of the mutations of taste or fashion. We must be content however, to pick out only a few stray examples. The works of the head of the British school have from the first steadily risen in value. A picture by Reynolds, in good preservation, though it be only the head of some unknown fair or dimpled child, never fails to excite a *furore*. For the portrait of Miss Bowles—a merry little maid playing with a spaniel—the Marquis of Hertford paid 1020 guineas, at Christie's, in 1850; and in the same room, in 1859, Lord Ward gave 1100 guineas for the head of pretty, prim Penelope Boothby, a picture for which the painter received 50 guineas in 1788. But the culminant price for one of these half-lengths of little girls was that mentioned in the previous paper, 2100, paid by the Marquis of Hertford, at Samuel Rogers's sale, in 1856, for the charming "Strawberry Girl." But Reynolds's ladies are as attractive as his children. A very pretty portrait of Mrs. Garnac (for which Reynolds was paid 75 guineas), was bought by the Marquis of Hertford—the most munificent of the Reynolds collectors—at Christie's, in 1861, for 1710 guineas; and the portrait of Mrs. Stanhope, as "Contemplation," which was in the International Exhibition of 1862, sold at Christie's, the following year, for 1000 guineas. The "Braddyl Family" brought 1000 guineas in 1862. His "Puck," for which he received 100*l.* from Admiral Boydell, was bought for 200 guineas by the poet Rogers, at the sale of whose pictures in, 1856, it was knocked down to Earl Fitzwilliam for 980 guineas. Reynolds made a few, and but a few, attempts in "high art." They are now in much less esteem than his portraits and would probably bring an inferior price at a sale. But it was not always so. His well-known "Holy Family" was painted for Macklin, the publisher, from whom Reynolds received 500 guineas for it. Macklin sold it to Lord Gwydir for 700 guineas. At the sale of Lord Gwydir's pictures, in 1829, it was knocked down for no less than 1950 guineas to the Directors of the British Institution, by whom it was presented to the National Gallery. At the same sale, and for the same purpose, the Directors purchased Gainsborough's "Market Cart" for 1050 guineas. And this is about the proportion which a work of Gainsborough's still bears to one of equal celebrity by Reynolds. For example, Gainsborough's "Miss Haverfield," a sweetly-painted child taking her morning walk, brought 750 guineas at the Windus sale, 1859; and "Repose," a landscape in his lighter manner—the painter's bridal gift to his daughter—sold for 780 guineas at the Bicknell sale, in 1863. Wilson, it is to be feared, is under eclipse, pictures by him having of late brought but moderate prices.

The pictures of few of the contemporaries or immediate successors of the great triumvirate bring prices at all corresponding. The largest sum recently obtained was 1600*l.* for Copley's "Death of Major Pierson," purchased for the National Gallery at Lord Lyndhurst's sale, in February, 1864. Morland's pictures, once prominent in the auction room, have of late hardly held their ground there, owing, in some measure, to the knowledge of the number of sophisticated works and imitations which have found their way into collections, but also, no doubt, to a change of taste. Recently, fair specimens have only realized such prices as 140 guineas for "Peasants in a Storm," and 144 guineas for a "Wood-Scene, with Sportsman," at Christie's, in 1863, and a "Rocky Coast, with Shipwreck," 160 guineas, "The Death of the Fox," 150, and "Cornish Wreckers," 170 guineas, at Mr. Hesketh Smith's sale in May 1864. The works of Wilkie always fetch fancy prices, and those of another old favorite, Leslie, seldom fail of appreciation. At the Northwick sale, Leslie's "Columbus and the Egg" brought 1070 guineas; and at the Bicknell sale, "The Heiress," for which Mr. Bicknell, paid him 300*l.*, brought 1200 guineas.

Some painters, but indifferently appreciated whilst alive, have of late risen remarkably in the market. Patrick Nasmyth is one of them. At the Northwick sale, in 1859, two landscapes, a "View in Leigh Woods," and a "View of Windsor Castle," for which Lord Northwick paid the artist only 100*l.*, sold respectively for 750*l.* and 588*l.* The landscapes of Crome of Norfolk, though always esteemed, brought no very high prices; but after the surprise and admiration they excited in the International Exhibition, and one of them, "Mousehold Heath," being purchased for the National Gallery for 1000*l.* there can be no doubt that a fine specimen would command a high price at Christie's. Pictures by Müller, if genuine and untouched, fetch large sums. Constable's landscapes are very uncertain.

On the whole, the most surprising and least fluctuating advance in value has been in the works of our greatest landscape painter, Turner. At the sale of Mr. Wadmore's collection in 1854, three pictures, "Cologne," "Dieppe Harbor," and "The Guard Ship at the Nore," sold for 5619*l.*, Mr. Wadmore having paid Turner for them only 1100*l.*; and at the Bicknell sale, 1863, ten pictures, for which Mr. Bicknell paid (mostly to the artist) 3750*l.* brought no less a sum than 17,861*l.* Of these ten pictures the highest price (2510 guineas, original cost 300) was given for "Antwerp: Van Goyen looking for a subject," painted in 1833. This, the most perfect representation of the action of wind upon the surface of waves rolling in the opposite direction, eliciting three hearty cheers when placed on the stand; and, at the private view, Stanfield might have been seen gazing long on it, in unrestrained admiration. But a somewhat higher price, 2520 guineas, was obtained at the sale of Mr. G. R. Burnett's pictures, in 1860, for the "Grand Canal, Venice, so well known by Miller's engraving. Several other of Turner's pictures have fetched over 2000*l.*, and many more have only just fallen short of that sum; but it would occupy too much space even to give their titles.

A still larger sum, 2950 guineas, was given at the Bicknell sale for an "English Landscape with Cattle," by Sir A. Callcott; but then the picture was a very large one, and the cattle were by Landseer; and Callcott has enjoyed a reputation among collectors, difficult to account for in a painter of so little originality.

The prices paid for pictures wholly by Landseer's pencil are little short of marvellous. At the Bicknell sale, his "Two Dogs" (25 inches by 30), for which Mr. Bicknell paid him 300*l.* in 1859, actually fetched 2230 guineas; his Highland Shepherd, which cost 350*l.* sold for 2230 guineas, and a very uninteresting "Prize Calf" for 1800 guineas. And prices almost as surprising have been readily obtained at other sales. Nor, indeed, have other of our principal living painters fallen much short of this high money standard. At the Bicknell sale, Mr. Stanfield's "Beilstein on the Moselle," which cost 250 guineas in 1837, sold for 1500; his "French Coast near St. Malo," for which a like sum was paid, in 1838, sold for 1230 guineas; and his great picture of "The Pic du Midi," for which he received seven hundred guineas, sold for 2550. Almost parallel was the price, 1370 guineas, given for David Roberts' Interior of St. Gomar, Lierre, Belgium, for which he received 300*l.* in 1850. Webster's well-known pair, the Smile and the Frown, bought at Mr. Knott's sale for 240*l.*, fetched at Mr. Bicknell's 1680*l.*; his Good-Night, for which 250 guineas were paid in 1845, sold in 1863 for 1160; whilst his Breakfast sold at the Nortwick sale for 1150 guineas, Maclise is another painter whose works command handsome prices. At the Redleaf sale, in 1852, his Bohemian Gipsies brought 1050 guineas; whilst at the Northwick, his Robin Hood was knocked down for 1305, and his Marriage of Strongbow and Eva for 1710 guineas; but these are of large size and full of figures. Corresponding prices might be enumerated which have been obtained for the pictures of Mulready, Linnell, Hook, Millais, Rossetti, Frost, and other of our older and younger contemporaries; but the array of figures is already sufficient as an illustration, and might be tedious if prolonged.

Pictures in water-colors have risen in value equally with those in oil. In this branch of art Turner has again decidedly the lead. Little rude drawings for engravers the size of a playing card, will readily fetch forty or fifty guineas. At the Bicknell sale, his Woodcock Shooting and Mowbray Lodge, drawings of only moderate size, sold for 510 guineas each, the two having cost the late owner 120*l.* At Mr. Heugh's sale, in 1860, Bamborough Castle brought 500 guineas. But the culminant price for a Turner drawing was 1800 guineas, paid by Lord Ashburton at Mr. Allnutt's sale, June, 1863, for the Tivoli, perhaps the finest and one of the largest, of Turner's drawings, but a good deal faded. This drawing was a great favorite of Mr. Allnutt, who employed Goodall to engrave it in his best manner, in order to distribute prints among his friends. Turner, hearing of this, applied for an additional payment for the copyright, and on Mr. Allnutt declining, refused to sell him any more drawings. Mr. Allnutt also had several copies made of it, in oil and water colors. The best of the latter, by David Cox, was sold on the same day as the original, and realized 150 guineas. As the work of a man of genius, it had of course some points of interest, but as a copy from Turner it was worthless, missing at once the general color and effect, and all the subtler beauties of feeling and detail; yet, strangely enough, when resold at Foster's, less than six months later, it was bought by a dealer at no less than 270 guineas. Far better worth the price paid for it was David Cox's noble "Valley," which sold at Allnutt's sale for 410 guineas. Conspicuous among the remarkable prices given at the Bicknell sale for water-color drawings were those for Copley Fielding's Bridlington Harbor, 530 guineas (cost 36); Rievaulx Abbey, 600*l.* (cost 40*l.*); and Crowborough Hill, 760 guineas, the

price paid to the artist having been 25 guineas! David Roberts' Great Square of Tetuan, for which Mr. Bicknell paid him 20 guineas, sold for 410. William Hunt's works also always bring a great advance on their original cost. Black and White Grapes, which cost 10 guineas, sold for 50; the Tamborine Girl, cost 35 guineas, sold for 190; and only last December a little rustic figure, entitled Grandfather's Boots (13 inches by 9), sold at Foster's for 150 guineas, at least five times what the artist received for it.

Perhaps the reader will be ready, from all that has been said, to draw the conclusion that the purchase of English pictures from the artists themselves must be an excellent way of investing money. No doubt of it—if you buy wisely. But remember, with reference to buying, that even in the studio you have to compete with shrewd dealers as well as wealthy collectors; and, as regards selling, that the fancy prices quoted are nearly all for pictures from famous collections; and some of the prices of the Bicknell pictures, for example, would almost suggest that as much was due to the name of the collector as to the merit of the picture.

The prices obtained for Engravings is even more remarkable than those of pictures, inasmuch as they depend on so many circumstances extraneous to the excellence of the work—as their rarity, width of margin, brilliancy and earliness of impression, and in some of the most striking cases on what is really an imperfection. Thus an impression of Raphael Morghen's Last Supper, with a plate on the table left white, will sell for more than double the finest impression taken after the engraver had discovered and rectified his oversight. Strange's Henrietta and her Children, before the Jewels on the Table, sells for some pounds more than when the jewels, which are a decided improvement, are added. So is it with Rembrandt's Burgomaster Six, and several other of his etchings; some of the etchings of Callot, and many other prints. This may seem, and in many cases is, a mere puerility, or the vanity of a collector desirous to possess what is almost unique; but it is partly justified by the fact, that the condition is a warranty of the print being taken from an unworn plate. But to go properly into the question would require a paper by itself; and so let us pass on to record a few of the higher representative prices.

Marc Antonio Raimondi, Raffaele's favorite engraver, stands by consent at the head of the craft; and the prices paid for his prints, when really in fine condition—for more than almost any other engraver has he suffered from impressions taken from worn-out and re-touched plates—fully accord with his position. His Judgment of Paris, after Raffaele, which the catalogue very justly described as "one of the finest impressions known of a print of the greatest rarity," was sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson—the Christies of engravings—at the sale of the choice collection of Mr. Johnson of Oxford, April, 1860, for the astounding price of 320*l.* This is, I believe, the highest sum ever given for an engraving in an English auction room; but at the same sale a copy of Raphael Morghen's Last Supper, after L. Da Vinci, a most splendid proof before the letters, and with the white plate; a print of the greatest rarity, only five others being known, sold for 316*l.* A similar print of the Last Supper was, however, knocked down at a sale in Paris, in 1862, for 336*l.*; but I am told that, proving on examination to be somewhat imperfect, the purchaser refused to take it. In London, in the same year, an impression in the same state was sold for 275*l.*; and a fine ordinary proof, at Dr. Wellesley's sale in 1858, for 80*l.* A proof of Raimondi's Judgment of Paris sold at Dr. Wellesley's sale for sixty guineas; at the Johnson sale, his small single figure of Lucretia, after Raffaele, sold for 75 guineas; his famous Transfiguration, earliest state and full margin, for 80*l.*; and his Five Saints, after the same master, for 66*l.* A unique proof before letters of R. Morghen's Aurora, after Guido, by many considered his best print, sold at Sotheby's in 1862, for 105 guineas. A proof before letters of Longhi's Marriage of the Virgin, after Raffaele, sold at the Johnson sale for 74 guineas; at Sotheby's, in 1856, for 60; and at G. Smith's sale, in 1861, for 53 guineas. A brilliant proof before letters of F. Müller's celebrated engraving from Raffaele's Madonna di San Sisto sold at the Johnson sale for 120*l.*, and an ordinary proof at Smith's sale for 71*l.* At Mr. Brooke's sale, in 1853, Lucas van Leyden's Christ Presented to the People produced 77*l.*, the highest sum yet reached by a print of this master. Albert Durer's Adam and Eve, a fine proof, sold at Johnson's sale for 46*l.*; but a still finer proof had, a few months before, brought at Paris 64*l.* Prices quite on a level with these are also obtained by private sale: thus a unique proof of Wille's Instruction Paternelle, better known as The Satin Gown, was sold for 70*l.* by Messrs. Evans to the British Museum in 1851.

The works of our older English engravers hold their own right worthily in the sale-room. Thus a proof before letters of Sir Robert Strange's Charles I. in his Robes, after Vandyck, with the margin complete, sold at the Johnson sale for 50 guineas; and good proofs of his other Vandyck prints and the great Italian masters range from 20 to 40 guineas. A unique copy of Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation," the word "modern" being spelled with two *dds*, a blunder discovered after one impression was taken, fetched, some years back, 78 guineas. With this exception, the highest price for an English print is, I believe, that obtained at the Johnson sale "a most brilliant and finished proof, all but unique," of Woolett's Niobe—70*l.* This is undoubtedly Woolett's best print—perhaps the best landscape engraving extant; but its price is accounted for by the tradition that Boydell, for whom the engraving was executed, had only *two* proofs taken, and these he kept for himself. But a second was sold at Mr. Clarke's sale in 1856, for 52 guineas, and *three* others are known. The original price of the print was 5*s.* The highest price recently given for a fine proof of Woollett's Battle of La Hogue, by some said to be his best print, was 27*l.* at Sotheby's in 1861.

Like other objects of art, engravings have their mutations. Some years ago there was a passion for English portraits; and so far did the mania extend, that bibliophiles dreaded to leave an eager collector alone in a library in which were many good heads by Hollar or Faithorne. Many a Granger is reported to have been enriched in this way, and many a rich one despoiled. The passion was at its highest between the Townley and Sykes sales, 1818—24. It is now nearly at ebb. In March, 1861, a choice impression of Faithorne's "Viscount Mordaunt" fetched 34*l.* at Sotheby's; but two years later, Hollar's famous portrait of Sir Thomas Challoner, which at the Townley sale fetched 81*l.* sold for 10 guineas.

There has been no fluctuation, however, in Rembrandt etchings. From his own day they have been eagerly sought after; every variation of state, color of ink, and difference of paper carefully noted, owner's names recorded, and, as a consequence, their value has continued to rise. An etching of "Christ Healing the Sick" became known soon after its issue as "The Hundred-guilder print," from Rembrandt refusing to sell a proof it under that then enormous price—about eight guineas. Twenty years ago a fine proof would fetch 60 guineas. At the sale of Mr. Johnson's prints in 1861, and India paper proof sold for 160*l.*; but a proof of the very finest kind has sold more than once in London for 250*l.*, the extreme price yet given for an etching. This price has, however, been very nearly reached in Paris, where, at a great sale of prints in November, 1859, a splendid proof of the etching of the "Burgomaster Six," of what is known as "the second state," sold, amidst unbounded excitement, for 222*l.* (5550 francs), the highest sum ever given for an etching at a French sale. At the same sale, a "Portrait of James Lutma," one of the most coveted of the Rembrandt etchings, "first state, before the window, and also before the names of Rembrandt and Lutma," sold for 84*l.*; at the Johnson sale, five months later, a similar proof brought 91*l.*, and a rare proof of "Old Haaring" 107*l.*

We must, however, turn to other branches of the subject, though the space left will only permit us to touch and quit them. A century ago classic art held the supreme place, and the sale of a Greek vase of superior design produced quite a sensation among the dilettanti. A Mr. Edwards paid 1000*l.* for a large Greek vase, which is now in the British Museum; and for the famous one in the Museo Borbonico, Naples, a still higher sum was given. But this was the culminant price. At a sale in 1836, three Greek vases of great beauty were sold respectively for 280*l.*, 264*l.*, and 240*l.* each. Later, the prices declined, and almost in the proportion in which mediæval and cinquecento wares advanced. Greek art paled before the superior splendor and purity of that of the middle-ages. In 1856 a remarkably fine vase was bought at Christie's for 122*l.*, by Mr. Forman; and the same gentleman, at the Hertz sale, in 1859, obtained a famous vase from the Canino collection, subject, "Achilles dragging the dead body of Hector," for 87*l.* Since then there has occurred a reaction. In June, 1863, a noted vase, "Il gran Vaso del Capo di Monte," sold at Christie's for 300 guineas.

Rare and choice specimens of the true old porcelain of China are in as much request as in the days of the "Spectator," or as when Horace Walpole was one of the busiest of the collectors. Mr. Birch, the great authority on ancient earthenware, says in his excellent article, "Pottery," in the "English Cyclopædia," that "even mandarins might pause at the prices given" in England for Chinese crackle, "60*l.* and 70*l.* being paid for sea-green or turquoise-blue vases." But if they might pause at these prices, they would surely stand aghast at more recent ones. At Mr. Fortune's sale (Christie's, June, 1859), a bottle of pale turquoise crackle, 17 inches high, sold for 131*l.*, and a vase of the same material, 14 inches high, with the imperial dragon, &c., in relief, brought no less than 210*l.* That there has been no falling off since was shown at Lord Lyndhurst's sale, last February, where a pair of old Nankin jars (not crackle) sold for 120*l.*, and another pair for 125 guineas.

For Majolica, the coarse opaque earthenware, painted and irridiscent, manufactured and decorated with so much skill in various Italian cities during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and long known as Raffaelle-ware, from a belief that at least some of the varieties were painted by Raffaelle himself, or by his scholars from his designs, very remarkable prices continue to be given. For a plate, 80*l.* or 100*l.*, or, as we have seen, even 120*l.*, have been paid; and at a sale in Paris in 1859, for an Urbino plate, 11 inches diameter, no less than 180*l.*; for a basin twice that sum; for a vase, from 200*l.* to 300*l.*; and 40*l.* or 50*l.* for a small Doccia cup.

But French pottery and porcelain are in still higher favor than Italian. Take first the famous *old* Sèvres. At Christie's, in May, 1863, an oviform cup and cover, 6 inches high, turquoise blue, mounted on a silver-gilt tripod of the time of Louis XV., and a pair of saltcellars to match, sold for 315*l.* Yet this is moderate compared with what particularly choice examples fetch. Thus we have at Christie's, in 1859, 442*l.* paid for a gros-bleu vase and cover, 18 inches high, with Diana and Calisto on one side, and a bouquet of flowers on the other; 569*l.* for a pair of oviform vases and covers; and 590*l.* for a gros-bleu central vase and cover, 17 inches high. Again, at General Lygon's sale (Christie's, April, 1864), a pair of gros-bleu vases and covers, *pate tendre*, 38 inches high, with medallions (7 inches by 3), painted by Morin and Boulanger, sold for 1300*l.*; and an oval plateau of gros-bleu for 490*l.*

Then in Palissy ware we have, as Mr. Birch informs us, such prices as 84*l.* for a candlestic; and we find the South Kensington Museum paying 60*l.* for an oval dish, with reptiles, &c., in relief. But these are insignificant sums compared with that paid at the sale of M. Rattier's collection in Paris, in March, 1859, where two round cups, about 9 inches in diameter, sold for 500*l.* At the present time more competition would be excited in a London, and perhaps in a Paris saleroom, by a piece of undoubted Henrideux ware, that peculiar kind of stone-colored pottery of which every known example in England was exhibited in a single case at the South Kensington Loan Exhibition in 1862. One specimen was the property of the Museum—a circular plateau 14 inches in diameter, which was purchased at the Bernal sale for the comparatively moderate sum of 140*l.* A ewer in this case, 14½ inches high, belonging to Sir A. de Rothschild, the largest and perhaps the finest specimen of the ware extant, was purchased at the Odiot sale, Paris, 1842, for 80*l.*: it is believed that it would now bring little short of 2000*l.* Sir Anthony has a somewhat smaller ewer, which he secured at the Strawberry Hill sale, 1842, for 19 guineas: it was valued in 1862 at upwards of 1200*l.* What a choice example would now fetch may be surmised from the fact that at the Rattier sale a triangular saltcellar, 5½ inches high, brought 504*l.*—a very pretty sum for a little bit of brittle whity-brown crockery. The only excuse for such extravagant prices is the extreme rarity of the ware.

The more beautiful Limoges enamels command equally high prices; but then whilst their rarity accounts for, their true artistic character in a great measure justifies, the largeness of the sums given for them. The South Kensington Museum has an oval dish, with a mythological subject in colors in the centre, by F. Limoges, 15 inches by 11, for which 200*l.* were paid; a plateau, 16 inches, and ewer, 11½, subject, "The Gifts of Fortune," which cost 400*l.*; and a triptych, with the Crucifixion in the centre, and the Bearing of the Cross and the Entombment on the sides, signed F. Raymond, 1543, 350*l.* But these sums, liberal as they seem, are largely exceeded by those obtained in the auction rooms of Paris, where this national fabric is greatly prized. Thus, at the Rattier sale, a circular plate, only 8½ inches in diameter, with a representation of the Descent from the Cross, *en grisaille*, heightened with gold, by Jean Penicaud III., sold for 600*l.* (15,000 francs), the largest sum I can find recorded for an article of the kind.

And with this I may close this paper. There remain other sorts of enamels: Dresden and Chelsea, Berlin, Worcester, Wedgwood, and a great many more varieties of crockery; Venetian glass, all kinds of orfevrerie, gems, nielli, bronzes, ivory carvings, parquetry, buhl, and every description of bric-a-brac; and under one or other of them we might place such prices as 430*l.* given for a set of twelve silver apostle spoons at Christie's in 1858; 1200 guineas given by the Marquis of Hertford in the same room last June for "a Louis XIV. commode massively mounted in ormolu," and numerous other extravagances. But enough has been done to show the abundance and quality of the supply. We have merely tapped the spring.

BRADY'S PHOTOGRAPHS AND WAR VIEWS.

The history of our great civil war can never be conveyed to future times, nor even preserved vivid in the recollections of its witnesses and participants, by the documents, the recitals, and the statistics which are the chief authentic memorials that remain to us of the great historic epochs of other days. Far superior in copiousness and accuracy, indeed, these memorials have come to be in our own time over those of any former time. Written records were a vast improvement upon oral tradition, while types gave to such records a securer authenticity; but between a history such as Thucydides wrote, composing oratoricle speeches for the mouths of his characters, and such a history as gets itself written in the daily newspapers of the civilized world by the pens of phonographers, the difference seems immeasurable. Indeed, the mere materials of history could never have been obtained till steam and electricity had conquered space and time, and paper and printing and the modern newspaper had perfected the vast machinery of contemporaneous registration which we now enjoy. Upon these materials, now gathered to his hand, the modern scientific historian exercises his art, and compresses into briefer volumes the biography of nations.

But to such materials of history, chemistry and sunbeams have lately added still another—the art of photography. Brady's men followed our armies from the Potomac to the Mississippi, and, while the newspaper reporters were writing their dispatches and describing the machinery of war and the movements of armies, they leveled their cameras and photographed the scene. Theirs is the part of history which the pen can never wholly describe. It may be read with a glance of the eye, but volumes of written language would not contain it. It will revive recollections in the minds of the actors in our great war which neither the historian's nor the poet's art can revive, nor memory itself without their aid. To the people who will occupy our cities and till our fields in coming years, it will convey conceptions of us and of our work, which the ten who read history and the thousands who do not can no otherwise make so vivid.

These photographs of Brady's number three or four thousand. A few hundred specimens are hung in his galleries at the corner of Tenth street. They include, besides, portraits, taken from original sittings, of many distinguished men who figured in the early years of the present century; of all the prominent actors in the war with Mexico; and the portraits of statesmen, legislators, jurists, journalists, divines, merchants, bankers, artists, authors, inventors, explorers, and eminent men and women of the whole country, North and South. Many of these personages are dead, and the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," too, is gone. It cost money to get these portraits and records. Of course, Mr. Brady can neither afford to keep them nor to give them away. It is proposed to secure them a safe and permanent keeping in the care of the Historical Society.

For this all our artists of the National Academy pray, the army officers from Grant down, and whoever else that would have voted against the burning of the Alexandrian library. Those who would have preferred such a conflagration in Egypt, had they cursed the earth with their presence then, need not now approach the office of, nor send their checks to, Shepherd Knapp, Esq., President of the Mechanics' Bank, 33 Wall street.—*The World.*

ODE TO SPRING.

Gentle March, benignant thing!
Come with early frosts of Spring,
Come with rain, and come with snow,
And with wind—oh, blow it—blow!

Come with frost-nipt flowers that try
All in vain to ope an eye
Come with sleet, and come with gale,
Come—and be, of course, all hail!

Come with sweet rheumatic twinge
To each stiffened nervous hinge—
Rack my back, my arms, my knees,
Come and give me tortures, please.

Come with chilblains, come with chaps,
Come, and think you're welcome p'rhaps.
Come—correct me, if I'm wrong—
Ain't you coming it too strong?

Pen.

[*From the Southern Star.*]

"A LITTLE NONSENSE NOW AND THEN."

As a little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men, we yield space for the following:

Mr. Editor.—I seed the purtiest girl too day that I ever se in all mi life, and how to git acquanested with her is what puzzles me ter death; an I doant kno heow too dew it, only thru the intermedlin colums of youre nusepapper. The fackt ov it iz, Mr. Editur i am ded in luv, and don't know heow to git cout of it "rite side up with care," like a box of travelin lookin-glasses. Yu se, i seen her but once, and was so struk with her pursonel buty that I rushed strate to mi bordin-house and rit the follerin verses of Potry, to be dedicated to her, thru the megium ov your valuble paper. Hopin that she will se em, and in sum manner or uther make me a satisfacktunate anser. If yeou think the folerin aint good enuf to send to a purty girl, rite to mee, and i will rite sum moare. Its easy enuf to rite um, kaws i am chuck ful of em neow at this present ritin:

I've been in luv sum sixty times;
i awlways thot the nuest, fairest;
i've strung (at least) a thousand rimes,
thow not to formes like that thou wearest.

Sum hev been short and others tawl;
sum have ben slim and uthers slendur;
but slim or dumpy, large or smaul,
To thee their britest charms sirender.

Thine is the foarm I've seen in dreems,
Yet never met at evenin parties;
like reel flesh and blud it seans—
mixed with selestial like Astarties.

There's nothin like the silph or knowm
egsaktly in yure foarmes expanntion,
bui it wud deck thee humblest hoam
or butifi the prowdest mansion.

To flirt with for a month or yeer,
I mite seleckt a different figer,
less sise, less hart, (of corse) less deer;
with ruther less of helth and viger.

But for a friend? jurusalem! a wife
too live for, fite for, luv for ever!
i neaver se in awl mi life
one ne'er so purfect—never, never!

Ime in ernest, so doant laff
you merry, hansum darlin creture,
ide ruther sea thi smighle by haff
iradiate each winsum feeture,

than awl thee splendid lites
that nite reveels beneath her starry glorys
or steeped in days moast luvly lite
the scenes of old hearoic stowries.

With thea companioned wun mite go,
content threw life's lo vail of sorrow,
and blest at preasent cares too know
but little of the din to-morrow.

Yet fair thea well, tis vain for mee
to congure up life's glowing vision;
my last thorts is a si for thee,
and thine (i feer) a smile of sweet derision.

SAMUEL SISCO.

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VI.—OUR DIPLOMACY DURING THE REBELLION.
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VIII.—DANTE AND HIS LATEST ENGLISH TRANSLATORS.
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